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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324 — *FEBRUARY 21, 1925* — NO. 4207

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CHINA'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST MISSIONARY EDUCATION

LAST October an annual China Educational Conference was held in Kaifengfu, the capital of Honan Province. At this Conference a committee of Chinese educators, who had investigated missionary education in that country, presented a series of resolutions which were adopted and expected to receive the approval of the Ministry of Education in Peking. These do not represent the snap judgment of a meeting that, we are told, 'included the most responsible body of educators in China,' but a matured programme that has been under discussion for a year or more. They demand in substance that the Chinese Government shall henceforth control all educational work in China. Foreign schools shall be required to register with the Government, to follow in their curriculum and administration the national and provincial regulations, to employ teachers having Government certificates, and — here comes the most controversial point — to observe the following prohibition: 'Foreigners shall not use their schools or other educational agencies for the propagation of religion.' To be sure, the Chinese Government cannot enforce these resolutions under existing treaties, nor would these measures have the unanimous support of the Chinese people; but they are very significant as expressing a state of mind.

A Chinese educator who was a member of the Conference and endorsed its action writes to the *China Weekly Review* explaining that the resolutions were not primarily intended as an attack upon missionary education, but as a step toward 'a solution for our own national interests in the long run and in a larger way.' He then explains: —

> Our recent investigation shows that, excluding the students in the missionary colleges and universities, the number of pupils of primary and high-school grades under missionary training has been well-nigh half a million. This number is startling. There is no country in the world that would entrust the training of such a large number of its future citizens to the care of foreigners. Even though we do recognize the well-intended purpose of those missionaries, for many of whom we have great admiration, from a national point of view I do not think anyone could justly criticize us as being

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utterly wrong in adopting some moderate measure to deal with the missionary schools. We can permit only one national system of schools to train our citizens, and any agency that tends to decentralize this system is not to be tolerated in our present ideal of national life. If there is any extra agency in existence, it is only right that we take precaution against any evil that may develop therefrom. We have no ill feeling toward the foreign schools in China. In fact, throughout our discussion at Kaifeng, there was a growing recognition of the distinguished contributions made by the missionary educators toward the progress of this country. But our gratitude is one thing and our future welfare is another. If we can find a solution to ensure our own welfare without injuring our gratitude to others, why should we not do it? . . . Even though a Christian myself, I, as a Chinese citizen and a man in educational service, should like to see the problem solved in the Chinese way. We plead for the sympathy of well-wishing missionaries of China for this fundamental, though in many ways difficult, movement.

In other words, the 'revolt,' if so it may be called, against missionary education is a movement in favor of lay instruction — that is, as some of its Chinese champions point out, the same kind of teaching that prevails in the public schools of the United States.

However, the agitation has other aspects. A lady from the staff of the Nanchang Hospital for Women points out that national rivalries may be behind some of this agitation. She asks: —

Who are the members of the Chinese Educational Association? Why, the members of the faculties in the large Chinese schools, and the Commissioners of Education with their secretaries, I suppose. Now who are these teachers, and where were they trained? Take our town of Nanchang, for instance; out of our twelve leading schools, every one of the presidents, or principals, is Japanese trained. In addition, a large percentage of the teachers are Japanese graduates. In some of the schools the percentage runs almost as high as fifty. Then our Commissioner of Education is also an ex-student from Japan. Thus you see, instead of having a bona fide Chinese-educated membership in the Chinese Educational Association, we have a partially Japanese-educated membership. Judging by this, then, the Anti-Christian Educational Movement is not sponsered entirely by real Chinese-trained men and women, but by men and women steeped in Japanese culture.

Even other angles present themselves. Some comments on the movement suggest that it has a Bolshevist inspiration and is a remote offshoot of the campaign against the Church that is going on in Russia. This suspicion will hardly apply to the resolutions of such a body as the Educational Conference, but some excited young students have invited it by vicious attacks on the Bible and the personality of Jesus. A correspondent of the *North China Herald* sends that journal the following translation from the more Radical literature of the movement: —

Extract from T'sa 'O-seng's book, *Present-day Christianity*; Topic, *America, Christianity, and China:* —All Americans know that theirs is one of the greatest capitalistic and Christian countries. Since the Great War America has been the leading financial country of the world. Of all the countries in the world America is the only one that has lending-ability and does not have a large national debt. England has still half its debt to pay, and consequently has only one half the financial strength of America. Other countries can in no way compare with America in financial strength. America's capital has not only burst the bounds of the Monroe Doctrine, but has filled the whole earth. With the exception of China, there is no other great country in the world in which America can now find use for its capital. In the last ten years England, France, and Japan have each had clearly defined spheres of influence in China. Consequently America has been unable to get into China. Therefore the American Government has as its sole method of entering China that of

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preaching the gospel, opening schools, and establishing benevolent institutions. In this way America is securing the good-will of the Chinese people. By this method the Chinese people are gradually coming to hate Japan, England, and France, and to develop an unspeakably good feeling toward America. In this way an opportunity is being secured to extend America's capitalistic influence in China. The first move was the organization of the Consortium. The second is intervention. Two years ago there was the unified railway-administration and the Washington Conference. The third step is to lend money to China, and also to help the armies, so that China may be unified. All this is done in order that China may belong completely to the American capitalistic government. For these reasons we can understand why the American churches are doing missionary work in China.

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THE LUTHER CABINET

A TENDENCY to overlook intermediate shades between black and white when viewing distant objects predisposes us to see foreign Parties and Party politicians in darker or lighter hues than facts justify. There is an unusual temptation to do this in case of Germany; for were not black and white — with a minimum of white — about the only colors we employed in visualizing that country for several years?

The Luther Cabinet is a case in point. Being Conservative, it is often characterized as reactionary, unfriendly to the Dawes Plan, and hostile to amicable coöperation with France on any terms. Yet what was the genesis of this Cabinet? Last summer Mr. Stresemann, a leader of one of the Parties on the Right, promised the Nationalists representation in the Cabinet if they would support the laws necessary to put the Dawes Plan in operation. Chancellor Marx refused to endorse this promise, the Reichstag was dissolved, and the elections of December 7 really turned on the issue of Nationalist participation in the Government.

At the ballot box all the Left Parties made gains: the Centre Party increased its Parliamentary delegation by four, the Democrats by four, and the Socialists by thirty-one. The Left and Centre Party group possesses a majority over all the other Parties taken together. But Herr Marx, its leader, did not emerge on top, because his majority was still so small that a very slight shifting of the Centre, many of whose members are more Conservative than Liberal at heart, was enough to turn the balance to the Right. Still, the new Government cannot be more Conservative than these latitudinarian Conservatives in its most Liberal wing. To hold their support, for example, it has to promise to restore, on April 1, the eight-hour day in the iron and steel industries, much to the annoyance of the industrial magnates who back Mr. Stresemann. Nor could any Nationalist member accept the proffered post of Minister of Finance, because the Party dared not undertake to carry out one of its chief campaign-pledges — to restore the German domestic debt to its gold value.

To be sure, Nationalist ideas have gained some prestige from the establishment of a more Conservative ministry. Reactionary propaganda may be encouraged for a time. A fraction of the silent vote may enroll itself permanently with the Party it imagines is in the ascendant. Yet the Nationalist leaders themselves are not particularly jubilant over the situation. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* does not regard the organization of the new ministry as the occasion for enthusiastic cheering, though it believes that Mr. Luther's Cabinet 'resembles very closely in its broad outlines a government of the great civic — *Staatsbürgerlichen* — Parties that we anticipate will be the stable coalition of

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the future.' It then proceeds to justify its tempered satisfaction on the following grounds:—

> Though we are far from wishing to see a battling Cabinet against the Left, it seems to us intolerable that the powerful economic, intellectual, and social elements represented by the Right should be permanently excluded from the share in the government to which their strength at the polls fairly entitles them. If the Social Democrats honestly wish to see a Democratic parliamentary government securely established in this country, and are not merely manœuvring for selfish advantage, they must in the bottom of their hearts be gratified at an outcome that is calculated to make parliamentary institutions look better in the eyes of the German people. . . . The great problems of international politics and economics that have been raised by the London Agreement cannot be settled by dilettante Socialist agitation, but only by hard-headed, non-partisan, unbiased labor.

*

LABOR CONDITIONS IN BRAZIL

Luciano Magrini, a correspondent of *Corriere della Sera*, visited Brazil last year, where he made a painstaking investigation of the condition of Italian immigrants in São Paulo and Minas Geraes. His letters do not represent that country as an El Dorado, although allowance must be made for the fact that a widespread economic depression and political disorders prevented his seeing Brazil at her best. Indeed, his description of labor conditions on the coffee plantations parallels the sensational stories we sometimes read of peonage in the mining, lumber, and construction camps of our own country.

On one plantation three Italian families visited the correspondent secretly to tell him their troubles. 'They spoke in an undertone, fearing they might be betrayed to their employer by spies.' They complained of an oppressive truck system, bad housing, absence of schools, low wages, restricted personal freedom, and even the occasional killing of laborers by irate bosses, who were never punished for the crime. On some plantations the correspondent was not permitted even to interview the 'colonists.' The store orders used for paying wages are printed in denominations like bank notes, but do not circulate outside the plantation issuing them, and are accepted only at the employer's store. Among the store prices quoted were (converted into American money): cottonseed oil, forty cents a quart; sugar, ten cents a pound; macaroni, eight cents a pound; rice, six cents a pound. Clothing and medicines were relatively higher. The correspondent is not so specific as to the earnings of plantation hands, partly because laborers are often paid on a piecework basis.

In the city of São Paulo, where the correspondent reported much unemployment, 'Brazilian wages are lower by a large margin than corresponding wages in Italy, especially as measured by the cost of living.' Motormen on the tramways receive a little over eight cents an hour after ten years' service. In a spinning-mill operatives earn twenty-five cents a day. 'At San Carlos I met three skilled mechanics—one a machinist, and the other two electricians—who had arrived from Italy four months previously. Unable to find employment at São Paulo, they had finally located in smaller towns, where they were working for thirteen lire—approximately fifty-three cents—a day.'

At Morro Velho, one of the oldest and largest gold mines in the State of Minas Geraes, which is owned by an English company, Italians working in galleries more than a mile underground received 'for twelve hours' continuous shifts nine milreis; that is, twenty-two

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lire a day' — or about ninety cents in American currency.

Nevertheless, as Signor Magrini points out, many of the permanent Italian settlers have become prosperous farmers, manufacturers, and merchants. One of the wealthiest men in São Paulo arrived in the city a penniless Italian immigrant. And if plantation wages are now low, they are apparently higher than formerly, for he attributes the depression of the coffee industry in eastern São Paulo to rising labor-costs as well as to the competition of cheap virgin lands farther west.

Only moderate success has hitherto attended the promotion of Japanese emigration to Brazil. Plans to revive this movement received much press publicity in Japan immediately after the passage of our Exclusion Law. But a damper was thrown upon them when the Brazilian consular representatives in that country received orders from home not to visa passports of prospective immigrants, on account of the unsettled political conditions then prevailing in certain portions of the Republic.

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A SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND RUSH

EARLY last summer a South African burgher bought a poor, desperate sort of farm hidden away on a lonely part of the veldt, at a place called Zeekoefontein, on the banks of the Vall River. But soil that had been loath to produce crops responded to the efforts at tillage with a harvest of diamonds that within a brief period was returning the owner an income of from $10,000 to $15,000 a week. The place was immediately proclaimed a mineral district and a day was appointed by the Government for opening it to claim-seekers, when nearly two thousand men and boys, and a few athletic girls, formed a far-flung line behind the mining commissioner, clashing their iron pegs and swaying impatiently for the signal to start. The scene must have resembled the famous rushes to stake claims on newly opened reservations of government land at the time when Uncle Sam was giving away his last desirable farms in our own West. A correspondent on the ground described the rush as follows: —

> For five hundred yards the path was cleared. Youngsters in shorts and football jerseys and hardened old diggers drew ahead. Twenty donkeys charged before the oncoming rush, and thousands of Kafirs on flanking kopjes raised a continuous cheering. A volley of curses rang out here and there as the more impetuous stumbled against their fellow runners or blundered over boulders to the ground.
>
> Trousers were torn and ripped by the thorn bushes, and many of the runners fell by the way.
>
> But the great mass rushed on down the gully, which rapidly closed over the final four hundred yards to where the site of the rich alluvial deposits lay around the owner's mine, which extends from the edge of the running water in the great sandy riverbed. For one hundred yards between the rocky ridges pegs were feverishly driven in. Several disputes occurred, but these were quietly settled by the officials.

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MINOR NOTES

WE quote from the New Year's edition of *El Universal* of Mexico City, which reaches us in an edition of 192 pages, a single sentence, which would seem to indicate that our sister republic is able to support something else beside revolutions: 'During the year 1924 . . . this journal has expended for publication expenses in the salaries of its editors, writers, mechanical force, clerical force, and correspondence, and for paper, ink, and other raw materials, more than 3,000,000 pesos, or the enormous sum of 9000 pesos daily.'

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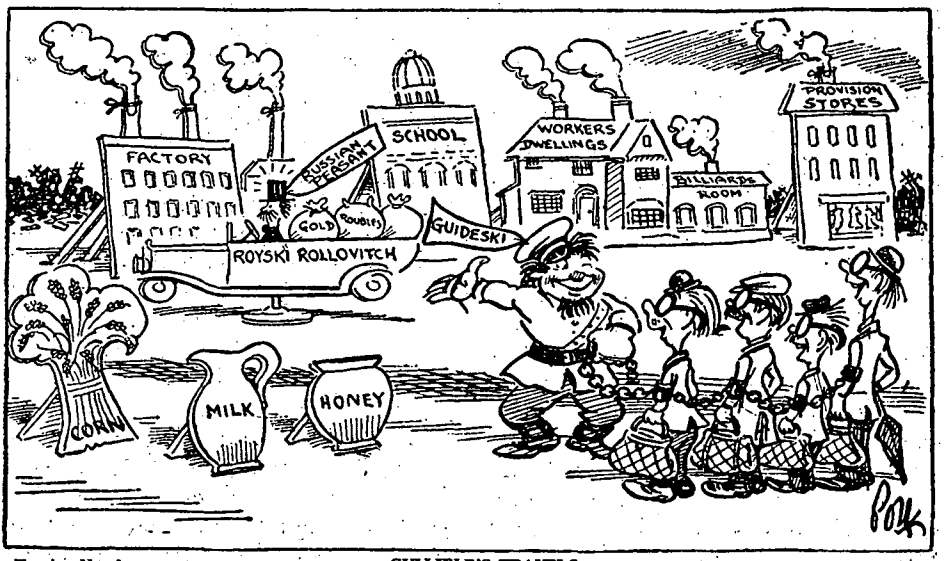
Figuring the Mexican peso at one half the United States dollar, this speaks well for at least one branch of business during President Obregón's administration.

APROPOS of the editorial note 'Opium and Diplomats' published in our issue of January 31, a correction reaches our office from Geneva to the effect that the opposition to the American plan of gradual prohibition was due as much to the administrative problem that this scheme would impose on colonial officials as to the revenue considerations we mentioned. Under the present regulations in several of the Far Eastern colonies and dependencies the price of opium is fixed by the Government at a point that gives the minimum temptation to smuggling. Experience shows that when the price is raised, smuggling immediately becomes rampant. The colonial authorities dislike to have the new problem of enforcing prohibition thrust upon them. They believe that it will make it impossible to maintain an honest and efficient civil service, and argue that not only will the plan cut down their revenues but it will simultaneously add to the public charges the expense of at least quadrupling the present police force and customs guards.



Evening News] GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS. [London

(The British Trade Union delegation has returned from Russia.)

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DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

From *Neue Freie Presse, January* 1
(Vienna Nationalist-Liberal Daily)

Behind the façades of the democracies of which history tells us have always stood groups, cliques, parties, and cabals shouting in unison morning, noon, and night, so loudly that the windows rattled: 'Government for the people! Government by the people! All hail the sovereign people!' But when the shouting was over and the deluded listeners had gone about their business, the shouters sang softly a very different song. 'We must make the people believe that they are sovereign and all-powerful, and then quietly lead them in the path that they should go. Don't indulgent parents encourage their children to write letters to Santa Claus before Christmas, but give those children the presents that their own superior wisdom finds best? It is thus that we, the leaders and representatives of the people, must deal with the childish masses.' So these pragmatists steer a middle course between the cold, clammy, spidery sagacity of an Alba who declared, 'The people never grow up; they always remain children,' and the slangy indulgence of the Berlin mother who shrieks at her husband: 'Let the kid have the ball. He won't eat it. He only wants to roll it on the floor.'

Democracy: a Government of the people. Aristocracy: a Government of those best qualified to rule. If we could devise a filter that would infallibly separate competent men from the mass of incompetents, only fools and scoundrels would oppose aristocracy. But the experience of centuries has taught us that the best filter we can devise never does thus separate them. Since, therefore, neither nobility of birth nor nobility of the sword, nor yet that wisdom which is the fruit of cosmopolitan experience, — which Plato wished to make the test of office, — has ever winnowed out the best men for rulers, civilized mankind has reconciled itself to democracy as the lesser evil, as the surest guaranty of decent government.

Our latest political cant in Germany tries to distinguish between a people's government — *Volksstaat* — and a magisterial government — *Obrigkeitsstaat;* but this distinction is not tenable. It is merely an echo of the kind of political taffy we mentioned at the beginning. Without magisterial authority of some kind no government can exist. Athens had her Areopagus, Rome her Senate, Paris her National Convention; Great Britain has her Cabinet and Parliament; the United States, her President and Congress; Russia, her Central Soviet and Cheka. All these organs of government are equally magistracies. They are chiefly distinguished by the source from which they derive their power, whether the arbitrary might of an accidental master, or the clearly expressed will of the people. The authority which the modern citizen obeys most willingly is that derived from universal suffrage and expressed through parliamentary institutions.

A true democrat must bow to the popular will even when it expresses itself in crude and unpleasant forms.

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This is something that Germany has yet to learn. Her slowness in learning it is easily explained by her history and her racial make-up. Almost overnight a Hohenzollern empire, whose legislatures, even in the patrician Hansa Republics, had been satisfied with perfunctory veto-powers, profitable personal pulls, and rhetorical and ornamental fripperies, was transformed into a republic, and not only a democratic but an avowedly socialist republic, sillily boasting itself 'the freest government in the world.' Yet even as it thus boasted, it stultified itself by imprisoning thousands of 'political offenders,' by suspending the Constitution whenever it crossed the caprices of those in power, and by issuing emergency ukases and setting up extraordinary tribunals that violated the first principles of a Bill of Rights. Our 'new freedom' smothered like a slimy mould those guaranties of equality before the law that our citizens had enjoyed for almost eighty years, and impaired other ancient liberties and rights that they had possessed even under their kaisers. Of Socialism, whether of the mild Christian brand or the pale professorial brand, there was not the slightest trace. No practical measure was even suggested to compare with Bismarck's proclamation of universal suffrage, his social insurance system, and the Hohenzollern labor-laws. Need we be surprised, then, if our new political institutions are not popular and if the people do not feel under deep obligation to support and defend them?

Yet the Republic might be popular in spite of the humiliations and disgraces that stain our history under it, if the veil were relentlessly torn away from the old régime, so we might freely compare the present with the past. No matter how cold your blood or how light your heart, no matter how thick the fog that lies over the place where your former Kaiser now perforce resides, you Monarchists must have heard the call, *Vare, redde legiones!* — Give us back our legions! Give us back the glory of our fathers and our lost provinces! And the legacy you left us was not only defeat, confusion, suffering, and misery. No, you left us besides moral wounds that will be appallingly difficult to heal. If a country freely renounces its liberties, if it refuses to create the liberal institutions that alone make the common welfare every man's concern, if its citizens think themselves the wiser the less attention they pay to politics, — though upon politics their honor and their fortunes hang, — if a country surrenders its right of self-government and places itself under the protection of a man who acts the part of a Divine Providence — then destiny has already doomed that nation to what we now behold in our own case — decline and demoralization. This prayer wells up from my heart: 'Almighty God, spare our hard-pressed land the worst of all humiliations — that of seeing its destinies committed again to the hands that have so fearfully misserved it.' I but quote the prayer that the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier made in the Paris National Assembly after the fall of the Third Empire.

The German of 1919 had a thousandfold more reason than the Duke in question to lift this appeal to Heaven. A crushing indictment against the head of his ruling house was documented by the monarch's own pen in marginal notes and private letters. But what did we actually hear? That the citizens' first duty was to defend our ancient institutions; that every act, great or small, wise or foolish, of the late glorious, royal, and imperial régime was sacred; that to attribute to its policies any share in the guilt for bringing on the war was an indictment

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of the German nation, 'to be resented with wild, indignant protest.'

But was there not at that moment a well-groomed war-instigator strolling under the beeches of Doorn? Had not Bismarck, Empress Friedrich, Hinzpeter, Waldersee, Moltke the Little, Holstein, Schloezer, and others long since predicted what he was sure to do? I myself wrote as early as the eighteenth of January, 1896, that an alliance of nations would arise to crush our mighty empire unless the arbitrary will of Wilhelm II was kept in bounds. The fact that the world tolerated him so long, that it did not sweep him out of its path long before it did, is a political miracle. Only the industry and the calm power of the German people prevented it. Yet our strange people lacked courage to assert themselves at home. As long as the administration was efficient, albeit a little old-fashioned and patriarchal, they were satisfied. They imagined their era of glory would last through the ages. The flaming sword of an archangel of the divine-dynastic host flashed in front of every street and square and boulevard and park that bore the name Elector, King, Crown Prince, Kaiser, Hohenzollern, Friedrich, or Wilhelm. A sort of consecration was supposed to rest upon even the most pitiful botches in marble and bronze — disgracing art and truth alike — if they were dedicated to the dynasty. Even the red-sashed tribunes of the people greeted the crippled remnants of our brave but misled and outfought armies as 'our unconquered troops.'

Since last May's election, a great effort has been made to show that the German Nationalists, who came back with one of the strongest delegations in the Reichstag, must not be permitted in the Government. Was this because so many lucky-strike Socialists and imitation Democrats might lose offices, sinecures, and other official fleshpots that they are now loath to relinquish? Naturally no one admitted this openly. The ostensible reason was that the Nationalists owed their votes solely to popular indignation against Poincaré; that since the rise of that brilliant luminary Herriot — a name known to the world previously only on the advertising posters of a famous cognac firm — the German people would vote differently, and that Germany's foreign policy would be sadly hampered if the Conservatives were in the ministry. Even had all these objections been true, honest Democrats would still have had no choice. The people had expressed their will. If they were too immature, capricious, or blind to have a will that ought to be obeyed, was it not a crime to entrust them with sovereignty? The public will, if it means anything, must be exercised without tutelage and control. . . .

Nevertheless, the will of the people was disregarded. A Reichstag that had proved itself a competent working body by enacting the Dawes laws was dissolved. Yet in spite of the fact that the Herriot luminary shone brighter than ever, in spite of a new drumfire of speech-making and new floods of liegas, the Nationalists came back after the new election as strong as ever. So the Poincaré argument no longer holds. Two hundred and twelve members of the Reichstag, freely elected by the German voters, are unreservedly opposed to the Republic, to democratic institutions, and to every treaty and agreement signed since 1919 — to all that is supposed to constitute Europe's new Magna Charta. Nay, they openly profess themselves Monarchists, ready to restore the old régime of the war period. Their ideas have won a moral victory, even though they did not

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obtain a majority. No majority is to be expected in a highly industrialized country like our own, where the masses, except a minority who still obey the nod of the priest, consistently vote for the Social Democrats as 'the lesser evil.' To be sure, if the grim humor of Trotskii, Zinoviev and Company had not bidden the Communists — in order that they might make confusion worse confused — to join the German Nationalists against the League, Reparations, disarmament, and commercial treaties, the legions of Labor might have an unquestionable majority. But as things stand, democracy has not been unreservedly endorsed. . . .

The German Nationalists are the only great Party that has had no share in government since 1919 — that is not compromised, criticized, and rated more or less incompetent on its public record. This is what gives that Party its prestige. Had its leaders been admitted to the ministry in May, or even in August, as they should have been, it would no longer be dangerous to-day. Either it would have betrayed the principles it so stormily proclaims, or it would have proved itself merely a noisy and incompetent trouble-maker. If Germany wants a revolution — she has not had one yet — she may invite one by keeping the Nationalists out of office; indeed, only thus can she do so. If she wishes democracy, she must obey the will of the people whether it be palatable or not, and let those whom the people elect put their policies into practice no matter how foolish their programme may seem. The rest of the world has no more reason to fear the Nationalists in office, where they work without disguise, than out of office, where they are free to plot obscurely against the Government and to block its measures. Germany cannot recover until the German Nationalists have shown by actual example whether they are fit to rule — until they have put their programme to the acid test of practice.

WITH THE SIBERIAN PEASANTS

BY P. PARFENOV-ALTAISKII

From *Pravda, December* 12
(Moscow Communist-Party Official Daily)

I shall purposely refrain from speaking on the good sides of Siberian village life, because enough has been said about that. I shall speak of the drawbacks. I spent five months in the villages of the Omsk and Novonikolaevsk governments, where agriculture and stock-raising are the principal pursuits. The population is about evenly divided between descendants of the first settlers and newcomers.

In 1920 and 1921 each village had fair numbers of Communist Party members. Now there are no peasants, actual tillers of the soil, who profess Communism. Such rural Communist organizations as do exist are formed entirely of city delegates. There are, to be sure, branches of the League of Communist Youth that have young peasant boys among their members. But as a rule these young fellows join merely in

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order to get an education, since, under the new regulations of the Soviet Government, members of the League have first right to admission to higher schools, where vacancies are very scarce. But it is difficult to get admission to a higher school under any circumstances in those far-away places. So, after waiting in vain for several years, these boys lose hope, return their membership cards, marry, — with a church service, —and often become enemies of Communism as a result of their disappointment.

As to the payment of taxes — a steady, stubborn struggle between taxpayers and tax-collectors is going on everywhere. Each village is divided into two hostile camps — peasants on one side, and the officials, including the Communist delegates from the city, on the other. The typical picture I found was a determined and taciturn village-meeting — *mir* — making no superfluous noise, and two officers before it who read regulations and enjoined the peasants to report the truth as to their property and incomes. But no one told the truth — not even the father of a member of the League of Communist Youth, nor the relative of a Communist. Every man backs up his neighbor. Pavel Ivanov, whose turn is next, backs up Ivan Sidorov, who swears to the assessors that he owns only five dessiatines of land; Pavel Ivanov knows that Sidorov owns twenty-five dessiatines, but he 'll never report it, because in a few minutes he will be telling the same lie to the assessor. On the other hand, the assessor has statistics showing the ownership of land in the village, and has orders from his superiors to collect a certain minimum amount of taxes according to those figures. Consequently the officers begin to get angry; so do the peasants. The latter are asked to repeat their declarations. When he is being questioned all over again for the fourth time, Ivan Sidorov, shouting at the top of his lungs, will perhaps declare that he owns fifteen dessiatines. Finally the officers have to go out into the fields and measure the land personally. But they take local assistants who are in collusion with the owners and falsify their measurements.

We all know that the peasants in Siberia judge the Soviet Government not by its pamphlets and decrees but by the prices of matches, cotton fabrics, kerosene, and ploughs. Besides, the peasant does not like the present system, under which the amount of taxes to be paid is not known until a man has declared what he owns. He prefers the old methods of assessment, when he knew in advance the amount to be paid and could plan accordingly during the year. How could he be expected to tell the truth? If he did, the Communist assessors would consider him a *kulak*, a profiteer and bourgeois, and fleece him clean.

This word kulak ought to be officially defined. It is considered a disgrace for a peasant to be called kulak, and no one wants to be given that title. In some villages, knowing that the Government will find a kulak anyway even though there is none, the peasants cast lots, and some poor fellow 'goes kulak' for a stipulated time. Indeed, an official questionnaire is sent to each village Soviet, asking how many kulaki it has and who they are. The elected kulak is accordingly 'denounced,' not without the knowledge of the delegate statistician. For a whole year afterward the poor straw-man kulak is sullen and cranky, waiting for his term to expire.

Under the conditions that prevail in Siberia such offhand labeling of an honest man by a humiliating name is a very great mistake. Siberia never was a country of big landowners and noble lords. The best of her population — the majority of her peasantry — are

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often people whose motive in going there was to escape from their landlords. They arrived without a penny, but with an inexhaustible store of energy, strength, and determination. Even before the Revolution, no one in Siberia ever saw peasants servilely bow to an official as they universally did in European Russia. A large, healthy family found it comparatively easy to acquire in time a prosperous farm in Siberia. Prices of wheat were high and manufactured articles were cheap. Land was to be had almost for the asking, although it took stubborn toil from sunrise till sundown to subdue it. The Siberians never shunned hard work, and soon found themselves in possession of the live stock and implements they needed. Now such men are indiscriminately branded *kulaki!*

Cases like the following have come to my knowledge: a well-to-do muzhik, owner of some forty dessiatines of arable land and sufficient live stock and other capital to work it, lives a hard-working life, saves money, but engages in no trade. Presently he is registered as a kulak. He has two young sons in town, and one of them is a Communist Party member. The latter is likely to be expelled from the Party as the son of a profiteering bourgeois; he resents it and advises his father to sell everything but a single horse and a single cow and to cultivate no more than three dessiatines. Such a small holding, in a fair-sized family, is free from taxation, so that it is possible to exist. The father gnashes his teeth with helpless anger, but does as he is bidden; for otherwise his boys may lose their chances of finishing their education. Thus the family is instantly reduced to poverty.

The new taxes, such as fees for all sorts of certificates and market dues that had never been required before, are thought by the peasant to be unlawful extortions, because they are rarely mentioned in the government decrees.

Every man who has had an opportunity, when a soldier or a prisoner of war, to hear or to read anything on scientific agriculture knows by this time that *cherezpolositsa*, or land-holding in numerous scattered small strips, is the greatest evil in agriculture. Yet when they come home and ask the peasants why they do not re-allot land in a sensible way, the latter say: 'Oh, we know how that works. You 'll sow all in one place, and then you 'll be sorry.' They mean that it is much easier to conceal part of your property from the tax-assessor when it is scattered.

Then take a large family that has finally struggled through poverty and is now well off. The two older boys have married, and children are being added to the family at a rapid rate. The original small house is much too crowded. The sisters-in-law begin to quarrel. Formerly in such cases it used to be the dream of the young married people to build a new house, still to be occupied in common, but large, cross-shaped, with enough room for everybody to stay together but to live more or less independently. Nowadays, however, the question is decided from quite a different angle. A good large house will attract unfavorable attention; the family might be registered as kulaki. Consequently the brothers divide the property, and build two or three miserable little huts like the original one. True, they may be able to put on iron roofs, and the Government Metal Syndicate of Ural may extend them credit for galvanized iron; but bright metal roofs might catch the eyes of the assessors, and so the houses are covered with clay mixed with straw.

Next comes the question of education. Field work is over for the year, and the growing children want badly to go to school in town; but they have

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worn out their clothes and shoes, and new things are expensive. Instead of learning, they are set at a task much heavier than field labor — and for all the winter: breaking, heckling, and spinning flax. They sit at it long days and evenings listening to the tales of their parents about the times when people did n't have to spin because prices of manufactured articles were low, and they grow up without an education, but filled with the conviction that 'it used to be better before.'

I must now say a few words about the relations between parents and Communists in general.

As soon as I arrived at my former home-village I tried to have a frank, heart-to-heart talk with the peasants. But while they listened to me with great interest, they remained silent. Even with my own father and brothers I was conscious of an unnatural constraint. Later I became convinced that they did not trust me. They saw Communists and officials visit me and feared that I might 'talk,' especially concerning their tax-dodging. 'Who can tell?' they explained to me afterward, when we worked together in the field. 'Of course, thou art our own, but then you Party people have your own discipline.'

Soon after my arrival the village Soviet and the League of Communist Youth Unit asked me to talk to the people on the international and domestic situation. The date was fixed on a holiday. Nothing seemed to prevent people from coming; but practically nobody attended. I had previously requested those having the matter in charge not to ask peasants to come in an obligatory way, but merely to invite them to the lecture. A week afterward I chanced to call at a peasant house where several of these same people were gathered. They asked me to repeat to them all I had said in my lecture. The whole crowd accompanied me to the next house I visited, and to a third, and we discussed things until late in the night.

'Why did n't you come to the lecture if you are interested?' I asked them.

'Because there was a trick in it.'

'Trick?'

'Sure. After the lecture you were to announce a subscription for the benefit of the "Society of Aircraft Friends."'

Indeed! The Communist Unit had asked me to invite my hearers, after the lecture, to join the Society. I was told later that during the last two years not one of the several visiting lecturers who had come to the village had spoken of anything unconnected with taxes and administration. During my sojourn seven speakers came at different times from the District Soviet, and in each instance the talk had something to do with taxes.

A burning question is that of the *chuzhaki*, or 'strangers' — that is, Communists sent by the Soviet district executives to do Party work. These comrades rarely escape the enmity of the peasants, who think that the chuzhaki are the root of all evil. It would be a great deal better if some of their own people were assigned these duties. The interests of such men would coincide with those of the people around them; a broken bridge would be repaired quicker, a marshy place would be filled in without delay; for the appointee would feel the need of it himself. The chuzhaki themselves are ill at ease, especially in villages where there is not a single local Communist. Their language even is official and different from that of the muzhiki, and they find it hard to understand each other. For instance, the Zavialovski district, with a population of over ten thousand, has twelve Communists, only four of them local people. These work in different

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offices and units, and every week have public meetings — to which the public, that is the peasants, never come. I spoke with many of these 'strangers.' They feel dissatisfied, think their work is temporary, and live in the hope of being transferred to the city. Still worse is the case of those Party members who have been demoted to village offices as punishment for breaches of Party discipline. They are of very little use.

I think that the Communist Party should try to have at least the president of the local Soviet invariably a native of the village.

Lately a considerable number of intellectuals have settled down anew in the villages: former teachers, office copyists, priests, land surveyors, even engineers. They cannot be distinguished from the muzhiki at present by their appearance; they wear the same poor footwear, and homespun shirts and trousers, smoke the same *makhorka*, and drink moonshine. But all of them are better off than the peasants, and often they are the masters of the village. The peasants have become used to them, and these 'former lords' have acquired great influence over the village people. They dislike Communists, although they go to meetings; and they try to instill this dislike into their peasant friends. I know one former priest who long ago clipped his hair and settled down as a peasant. He lives in a village of some four thousand people where there are only two Communists, both of them officials. The peasants trust the former priest to such an extent that if he speaks at a village meeting for or against some tax or some innovation his opinion is unanimously backed. Questions of importance are frequently decided virtually by him alone. The two Communists see themselves forced to take him into account, and often they discuss things with him in a preliminary way. So far he has not abused his influence. It does happen, though, that an instructor delegated by the Government argues with the peasants for a whole week in vain and leaves without having started some coöperative or other organization as he intended, solely because Ivan Polikarpovich, the former priest, has not approved of it.

A trifle like the housing of 'stranger' Communists plays an important part in village life. A Soviet official — accountant, surveyor, or teacher — comes and, naturally, stops at a rich peasant's house, for there is no room to spare in a poor household. Just as naturally, he begins in every instance to back up his landlord who feeds him well and obliges him in many small ways. The Communist's salary is small, and gradually he falls into a kind of dependence upon the rich muzhik. Young Communists from the city often marry a rich peasant's daughter.

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THE CHARM OF SKIING

BY ARNOLD LUNN

From the *Empire Review, January*
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Few things are more difficult to analyze than the pleasure of speed. A man can travel to Paris in a modern airplane, and his hundred miles an hour will yield a thrill far less intense than that which inspires an urchin sliding along on a scooter. To get the fine flavor of pace, you must eliminate mechanism while retaining the ever-present risk of a fall. You can open your throttle on an open road, and touch sixty miles an hour in your car, without feeling that you are doing anything difficult. No balance is needed to sit still in a motor, and on an open road at least the risk of a spill is negligible.

Skiing owes its fascination to the fact that machinery is eliminated, whereas the difficulty of keeping your balance increases in geometrical progression with every additional mile per hour that you add to your pace. Nerve, a good balance, and unflagging watchfulness are essential. If your determination falters for an instant, a fall is certain. Every fast run is a dramatic contest between human weakness and human will.

Again, with the elimination of machinery, comes a keen sense of personal control. Nothing could be simpler than the straight, slender, tapering plank of ash, which carries us down the hill. The motorist imposes his will through an elaborate mechanism of pedals and clutches, but the ski seem part of one's own body, so intimate is the connection, so instantaneous the response that they make to the slightest movement of muscle. Between the ski-runner and the hillside there is nothing but an inch of sensitive ash, which responds to every change of rhythm of the slope. As the ski rise and fall, leaping over hillocks and diving into dips, they seem living and vital things with a will that is all their own. They borrow their motion, not from petrol or steam, but from the mother earth herself. In their simplicity they approach as near wings as anything we are likely to find this side of the grave.

If skiing consisted only in running straight down hill, it might become monotonous. Its unending fascination is due to the fact that these long and apparently clumsy pieces of wood, measuring eight or nine feet from heel to toe, can be controlled with the same accuracy as the toboggan, and can be forced to change their direction far more abruptly and far more rapidly than a motor-car. An expert, while traveling at twenty miles an hour, can call a sudden halt, within a few yards, or can thread his way among trees and other obstacles. A sudden telemark swing at the end of a fast straight run is almost equally thrilling for the performer and the spectator.

No sport can be counted in the first rank which is purely physical. The joy of skiing is not only physical, but intellectual. The expert ski-runner is forced to study Nature in one of her most fascinating moods. He must adapt his tactics to every mood of the hills, to every fickle fancy of the snow. Each type of snow has its own pace, its own rhythm, and its own charm. In deep

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powder-snow you will swing to rest, or change your direction by means of the telemark. Hard snow calls for the christiania or the stemming turn. Breakable crust demands the jump turn, and so on and so forth. The skeleton-rider soon learns to know the tricks of the Cresta. He masters the secret of each corner, gives them all pet names, and can gossip of Scylla and Charybdis with the same esoteric knowledge which a golfer displays in describing the holes of his favorite course. But the hills are never the same, and their secrets are inexhaustible. Every run is a revelation, every snowfall a new discovery. The summer climber has, of course, to study snow-craft, but he can content himself with a superficial and comparatively elementary knowledge. He need only know when snow is likely to be hard enough to bear his weight, and yet not too hard to call for the axe, and when snow is safe or threatens an avalanche. Moreover, his decision is deliberate. He has time to think, time to examine the snow. Not so the ski-runner. The wind whistles past, and only a mottled look on the snow or a suspicion of wind-crust betrays the secret of its surface. And until he can diagnose snow while traveling at high speed, until he can carry a compass in his head, and instinctively allow for the difference in texture, according to the orientation and the steepness of the slope, he will spend more time on his back than on his feet. The simple categories into which the summer mountaineer must divide snow are complicated in a thousand ways for the ski-runner, who must learn to recognize, diagnose, and foretell a whole gamut of snow values,—each of which has its own significance and its own difficulties. For the ski-runner the snow is no lifeless mantle on the hills, the shroud which buries those dead pastures which are waiting for the resurrection of the spring. On the contrary, he learns to love the snow as a friend, and to wrestle with it as an enemy. The snow is full of joy and full of malice. There are days when it seems to bear him downward on wings of pure delight, and there are moments when a thousand evil spirits lurk beneath its surface, ready to trip him up by the heels and to cast him into humiliating positions. And because snow calls for such long study, skiing is not the monopoly of the young and the athletic. The middle-aged and the old will often show to advantage on a long tour, simply because their experience and mastery of snow-craft will often compensate for their diminished strength and endurance.

The study of snow is endless. Every month of the winter has its own lessons. Winter snow is not the same as spring snow, and the spring snow in the valleys is very different from that summer snow on the glaciers which yields excellent skiing to those who realize that skiing is not purely a winter sport. But enough of generalities. Let me try to describe a characteristic day on ski. With the reader's permission we will suppose that we are starting out long before the dawn for a full day's skiing. The modern ski-runner seldom sees the winter's dawn. In the old days we always started before the stars set, because our pace, both uphill and downhill, was incomparably slower than that of the runner of to-day, and when I recall the wonder of Alpine dawn, seen 'yesterday, many years ago,' I feel that there were compensations for our lower standard of technique. But let us assume that our expedition involves a good stiff climb, a climb of six thousand feet. The party consists of ski-runners in the pink of condition, all slightly contemptuous of the weaker brigade, whose days are spent dawdling up two or three thousand feet. We mean busi-

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ness, and the alarm clock has been set for 4 A. M.

Breakfast is a silent meal. The realization that six thousand vertical feet have to be climbed has a sobering effect. Everybody is eager to be off, and to get to grips with the climb. But this momentary depression vanishes when one steps out into the night. Nobody has ever seen the stars until he has visited the Alps in winter. I have heard a great deal of the glory of the Eastern night, but when I went to the East I was disillusioned. The stars which look down on the desert cannot be compared with those that greet us from the frosty depths of a winter sky in the Alps. No moon rivals the incomparable glory of the Alpine moon. I have read small print by the light of the moon in January. I remember reaching the Lötschenslücke long after the sun had set on a January evening many years ago. Seventy miles away Mont Blanc rose above the shadows; every detail of its ridges was revealed with microscopic distinctness by the moon.

To start out on a long winter climb, with a full moon sailing through the heavens, is an experience which leaves an indelible impress on the mind. Snow is seldom a dull and featureless surface, and under the full moon it reveals a delicacy of texture and a range of tone and shadow which tend to vanish under the glare of the midday sun. The mountains have lost their solid suggestion of bulk. As one toils up through the pines and catches fairy glimpses of shimmering snows, one has no difficulty in realizing what Bishop Berkeley meant when he wrote: 'All the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth, in a word, all these bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind.' You cling tenaciously to the dream-hills, half-afraid lest the dream should suddenly vanish, and lest you should awaken to the unlovely world of crowded streets and gray skies from which you have escaped to the Alps.

Gradually the new day begins. The shadows cast by the pale eastern sky faintly intrude on the dominant shadows of the moon; intrude, and gradually dispute the moon's supremacy. The winter dawn is always wonderful, and never more so than when the dawn coincides with the setting of the moon.

Suddenly a pale cold disk leaps up beyond the rim of the distant hills. The snowy foreground, glinting in the rays of the low-risen sun, is transformed into a carpet of diamond dust. And then, very slowly, the air borrows warmth from the sun, and the chill of night yields to the welcome of the new day. Your leader suggests that the time has come for breakfast. Off come the sacks, and out come the sandwiches, and as you smoke the best pipe of the day and watch the smoke curling upward into a windless sky you rejoice in the thought that you have broken the back of the day's march, and that the valley, still asleep and still in the shadow, lies some three thousand solid feet below you.

All that follows is pure joy. You are in good training, and find a quiet pleasure in the winding uphill-track. There is little effort in following a good spoor laid at the proper angle.

If others have run down where you are climbing, their tracks add interest to the march. Foot-tracks in snow have no personality, and little interest, but a ski-runner leaves his autograph on the snow, and if you know a man's running you can often pick out his downhill tracks from the spoor of others.

The writing on the mountain wall betrays the poor performer, and bears witness to the skill of the expert. 'That was a good party,' remarks your leader, as your uphill spoor crosses three tracks

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left by a descending party, three single furrows with no touch of the stick. Up above, on the steeper slopes below the pass, a delicate succession of intersecting curves shows where your unknown predecessors swept down in a succession of linked telemarks. A long straight line interrupted by a grave proves that the leader ran with more courage than discretion, and the sudden-stop swings above the blind edge where he fell proves that those who followed learned something from his fate. And then, perhaps, you see the tracks of another party, broad tram-line tracks, with a deep groove cut by their sticks. 'That must be old Smith's crowd,' says somebody, 'the last survivors of the stone age. I 'm glad they go far afield when they want to stick-ride, as their habit might have a demoralizing effect on the novices.'

There is a great art in laying a good uphill track, and a wise leader can save his party much trouble by laying an even spoor that climbs at a uniform angle, and that dispenses with unnecessary kick-turns. To follow a good leader is very peaceful.

A party that is in good training, and that is wisely led, can manage a six or seven hours' climb without the slightest suggestion of real fatigue. Still, it is good to reach the summit, and to feel that lunch, a pipe, and the glories of the run down have been fairly earned.

If the day is windless, a glorious hour can be spent on the summit. The Alpine sun is so strong and the air so dry that cold is felt only when the wind is actually blowing. I have sat on the summit of the Finster-Aarhorn in January, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, stripped to the waist, and allowed the strong winter sunshine full play.

No views can rival winter views for their crystal clearness. In the shadowed valley winter may still reign supreme, but where the snow is touched by the sun it loses its monotonous whiteness, and reveals a wealth of imprisoned color.

And as you smoke your pipe you will probably be planning out the tactics of the run. Of course, if you are crossing a pass, or running down over unknown country, you will have no data to guide you, but if your line of descent coincides with the line of your climb, your mind will have been busy throughout the long march with schemes for the descent. You will have done your best to detect those traps which would catch an unwary runner; you will have noticed the points where the snow changes its texture and its speed, and you may well have made mental notes of any stray rocks or trees which would give a clue to the best line down a difficult slope.

And now the time has come to start. The snow is scraped from the ski, sacks are tightened, and just as you are giving a last look to your bindings the leader gets away. He starts with a few cautious turns, and then sinks on to his leading ski and heads straight for the valley. He disappears in a cloud of crystal. Will he stand? A laugh and a shout float upward from a little shelf five hundred feet below, and you realize that your turn has come.

Before you quite realize what has happened, you are off, and you hear music, whose echoes haunt you through the long summer months, the hiss of the snow as your ski drive through the crystals. A few curves, and you decide to risk a straight run. The wind rises into a tempest and sucks the breath out of your body. A lonely fir swings past like a telegraph pole seen from an express train. You conquer the tendency for your ski to run apart by locking your knees and keeping your ski together. And now comes the supreme crisis, the run out where the gradient suddenly changes. You throw your

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weight forward and mutter 'Hold it! Hold it!' as the shock drives up through your leg. You realize to your intense astonishment that you have not fallen. The pace relaxes. You sweep out on to a gentle slope, and the hurricane dies away. You glory in the sense of control which you have recaptured over your ski — no longer untamed demons hurrying you through space, but the most docile of slaves. You are playing with gravity; you are the master of the snow; you can make it yield like water and resist like steel. Suddenly you decide to stop. A rapid telemark, the snow sprays upward, and 'the flabberie snow broth has relented and melted about your heeles.' The Elizabethan who struck out this phrase missed his vocation. He should have learned to ski.

Breathless but happy, you turn to examine with loving pride the track which you have just cut. It looks very impressive — to you. And now the most youthful member of your party, young Achilles, is ready to start. He has only been skiing for three seasons, but he has youth and strength at his command, and you realize, a little sadly, that the modern runner learns as much in one year as you learned in ten seasons. He disdains the tentative, cautious curves with which you explored the summit slopes, puts his ski together at the top, and cuts a straight line through the turns with which you led off; a clean single furrow from the cairn to the shelf on which you are standing. Envy and appreciation contend within you as you watch the grace and certainty of the christiania swings with which he concludes his run.

Better slip away while he is gaining his breath. You start on good snow, and then, suddenly, the slope steepens and changes its direction. You are running from easterly on to southeasterly slopes; long years of experience have taught you to carry a compass in your head, and to be prepared for the least change of direction. You realize that the slopes below have been exposed both to sun and to wind, and so you pull up with a christiania and proceed cautiously. Ah! just as you expected — breakable crust. That needs care. Jump turns will be the order of the day rather than telemarks, and you rejoice in the infinite variety of skiing as you ski down snow which calls for all your technique and mastery of the different turns. And here comes Achilles, taking it straight, of course. But Achilles has still something to learn. The crust which you had anticipated, and against which you had protected yourself, has caught him unawares. He rushes at high speed from powder-snow into crust. A swift somersault, and he lands on his head. Experience counts as well as youth and strength. You like Achilles considerably better than you did.

But now the snow changes once again, and the breakable crust gives place to solid crust slightly softened in the sun — a glorious running-surface. You run down in a series of stem christianias — long sweeping curves on the sure, straight surface.

Now you have reached the forest line. You can choose between an open glade and a thousand feet of running through trees. 'I vote for a little bit of bird's-nesting,' says the leader; 'I am bored with open country.' He dives into the wood and you follow. Wood-running is perhaps the most delightful of all forms of skiing. It is easy enough to bring off your turns when you have an open slope on which to place them — a very different matter when a telemark has to be placed with an accuracy to be measured in inches. Achilles collides with a tree, and you like him better than ever.

The trees thin out into a thousand feet of open country. Today, the fash-

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ionable turn is the open christiania, and you are anxious to prove that, even if you began to ski in the late nineties, you can keep abreast with modern fashions. You sweep down the powder snow

> In many a winding bout
> Of linked music long drawn out.

Just as you are hoping that Achilles will make some pleasant comment on your track, you observe with disgust that he has taken the entire slope straight from top to bottom, and restored his self-respect by a wonderful straight run unmarred by a fall.

And now the sun is setting behind the hills. A group of pines near the sky line is transformed into molten silver. The snow churned up by the ski is transfigured, and your friends trail clouds of glory as they flash past. As the night creeps up from the valley you make your last swing near the river basin, and your little party reassembles for the last half-mile or so back to the hotel.

An hour later you are smoking a pipe in your bath. The climb took six or seven hours, and the run down less than forty minutes. The more expert you become, the briefer is your reward for hours of toil. You reflect, however, that even the long hours of the ascent had a charm and stored your mind with pictures of beauty which you can turn over at leisure throughout the long months in the lowlands. Again, time is only relative, and, in retrospect at least, the long uneventful days seem far briefer than forty crowded minutes of intense excitement and concentrated thrills.

But skiing is something more than poetry translated into motion. It is delightful to explore the best runs in your favorite centres, and to wind up the day with a hot bath and a game of bridge in a comfortable hotel. But, for the man who is a wanderer at heart, there will come moments when all these things will seem idle and unprofitable, and when he will long to escape into some hidden and secret valley with the ski-awakened echoes which seem to have slumbered since time began. It is only thus that you will see something of that underlying life of the real Swiss, a life which is only superficially changed by the tourist traffic. You will not regret palatial hotels as you settle down, after a long day among the snows, to a simple dinner in a small inn which perhaps never sees a tourist from October to June. One by one the villagers drop in for a drink. Those long, black, wiry cigars, with which your host supplies them, would be valuable as a test for the lung power of candidates for Everest honors, and you admire the technique which enables them to keep these cigars alight while exchanging details of village gossip. One of these days I hope to master the mystery of jazz, a card game much beloved by the Swiss, which seems to be a primitive form of whist.

Most delightful of all forms of skiing-holidays is to spend two or three weeks crossing a succession of passes on ski. It is interesting mentally to link up the valleys and ridges into one consistent system, to watch the map coming alive as you translate its academic statements into terms of experience. Sometimes the sense of travel is emphasized when two passes carry you through three languages. Sometimes you will seem to move not only through space but through time. You pass at dawn some little church where the old gods, transformed into Catholic Saints, still listen to the prayers which have changed but little since the first missionaries came to terms with the older faith. That same evening you may perhaps ski down a valley where the tourist has pegged out his claim, where vast hotels overshadow the same trim, deserted Lutheran chapel, and where

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'from haunted hill and dale' the 'parting genius' has long been expelled.

I have no space to describe the peculiar fascination of mountaineering on ski, but I maintain that no man is a complete ski-runner until he has explored the upper glaciers of the Alps on ski, and that no mountaineer is an all-round mountaineer until he has seen the Alps at all seasons, and until he has crossed his glacier not only on foot but on ski. In the winter the Alps have a severe and aloof majesty which they have long lost in summer. Climbers are few and far between, and the high Alps are free from the attention of incompetent folk anxious to be lifted up a few fashionable peaks.

In spring the Alps are at their loveliest, and no experience in mountaineering can rival the joy of glacier-skiing in May. The contrast between the dazzling white of the upper snows and the glory of the fresh May green of the valleys is a contrast you will appreciate most fully after spending two or three days under the intolerable glare of the May sun shining on the May glaciers. You begin the day linking your christianias down the perfect snow of a glacier pass; you wander down at sunset among the pines to the lower pastures in all their splendid panoply of spring flowers. You get the best of both worlds; the winter still welcomes your ski among the heights, while the spring decks the lower slopes with beauty.

For the ski-runner, Scheidegg and Parsenn Furka are names to conjure with no less than Mont Arosa and Mont Blanc. The ski-runner perhaps can echo, with more conviction than the man who only climbs on foot, the words of a sixteenth century traveler who wrote a wonderful passage on the praise of hills. To the ski-runner, perhaps to the ski-runner alone, there is 'neither hill nor hillock that doth not contain in it some most sweete memorie of worthie matters.'

AMONG THE AZTECS. II

BY 'TIO PEPÉ'

From *Volia Rossii, November*
(Prague Russian-Language Social-Revolutionary Semimonthly)

Early Sunday morning I noticed a crowd of Indians — men, women, children, and old people — in front of the distillery. That establishment consists of a shed with a still. These people brought their earnings to buy ill-smelling rum, thirty-two per cent alcohol, which they drink by the bottle, irrespective of sex and age. By midday there was a tremendous racket in town, accompanied by promiscuous fighting; the streets were strewn with drunken bodies. Let me add in justice to this sodden Indian mob that it never touches a white man.

The town jail was soon crowded with delinquents whom the mayores, themselves drunk, dragged in by the dozen.

That was the chief source of income of our municipality. The next morning

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I must levy the fines: for simple drunkenness, not over one peso; for drunkenness and disorder, not over five; for ditto, plus beating and wounding, not over twenty pesos.

The Indians, who had had all night to sober up, pleaded, wept, begged on their knees, haggled over every centavo. Whoever could not pay must go back to prison for a term fixed by the Secretary, although the federal code strictly forbids imprisonment over seventy-two hours without a formal court-sentence; as an alternative, the insolvent delinquents were sent to do public work.

For some mysterious reason, however, the distillery was not taxed a centavo, and the sale of spirits was not regulated. Don Nicolas told me he kept two account-books, one for himself, the other for the Government. When the State tax-collector, amazed at the dead silence of the distillery manager, sent down a deputy to investigate, the man stayed a short time and left highly satisfied with the magnificent and hearty reception given him by Don Nicolas, promising 'never to bother him again.'

That same Sunday evening the caciques — the aristocracy — from every village around us began to arrive astride donkeys and mules, to celebrate the inauguration of the new Secretary, to look at him, and to secure his good graces. Rockets and firecrackers had been deafening us ever since sundown. Accompanied by Don Filomeño, I walked through a mob of drunken Indians, who respectfully made way for us, to his dirty *tienda*, and then into the dancing-hall under his residence. This huge room, with its stone floor, was nearly empty. The light of a multitude of candles was reflected from rows of chairs and big, cheap mirrors. A sewing-machine stood in one corner. Besides the mirrors, framed family-portraits, covers from candy boxes, and illustrated advertisements of toilet soap decorated the walls. Immediately the guests began to arrive. Elderly men with moustaches that reminded me of old Cossacks came wrapped in bright-colored serapes. The young ladies wore odd dresses, long and frilled at the bottom.

I greeted everybody. The band, consisting of a violin, a mandolin, and a guitar, played an overture. The master of the house treated the men to black coffee and spirits 'half-and-half,' and the ladies to coffee straight. Peppery tortillas and candy that must have waited many years on Don Filomeño's shelves for this occasion completed the refreshments.

The band played a fox trot, and the couples, after making the round of the hall three times arm in arm, began the dance with perfectly incredible capers and attitudes.

Under the windows I could hear firecrackers exploding and intoxicated Indians continuing their spree and loudly congratulating 'Mr. Secretary.' But of the whole elected Municipal Council, Don Emilio Rivera alone was present, in his invariable spurs and chaps.

'Why did n't you invite in the President?' I asked my host.

He opened his eyes with wonder. 'Don Panchito, Mr. Secretary? An Indian? But he is down there, with the rest of the calzones.'

It was true — I had seen the face of the Municipal President in the crowd under the open windows. He was looking in, but did not dare to enter.

I did not dance; but gallant Don Nicolas made up for me. Clad in a long black coat and red necktie, he danced without interruption and at the same time directed the movements of the merrymakers. The orchestra moaned out of tune. A young tax-collector, who had come from a great

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distance, sang with a nasal voice, accompanying himself on the guitar: —

Give me a kiss and forget me forever!
I 'll give you my life if you ask me for it!
But no, I cannot believe you 'll forget me. . . .

I noticed, however, that the old gentlemen among whom I had been placed in view of my high rank, and to whom I discoursed on the subject of municipal improvements, looked at me somewhat diffidently, and openly ridiculed Don Nicolas, who had introduced me to them as a man who 'graduated from six universities' and who 'speaks seventeen languages.'

The guests danced till dawn, nolens volens, for there were no sleeping accommodations in the village for them, and to return by night over the mountain trails would have been unsafe.

A week had passed. I had become used to my position, and had even begun to understand its scope. I was an autocrat. I was not responsible to anyone save — the law, you say? No, not the law, but the local usurers. Also, I was somewhat bound in my actions by custom — but then, even such mighty rulers as Darius of Persia and Louis XIV bowed to custom. It did feel a little strange to a plain mortal suddenly to become an autocrat — to hold the life and happiness of five thousand persons in the hollow of his hand!

So far I had the confidence of Don Filomeño and Don Nicolas.

Don Panchito, the consumptive President of the municipality, made his routine report to me. In the eighth barrio of Tanamarkoyan-Aitoshko, in a narrow gorge, bandits had for some time been robbing the poor Indians.

'Do you suspect anyone?' I asked.

'Oh, Mr. Secretary, we know very well who they are.' And he gave me a few names.

'Well, it seems simple enough. Send the mayores — '

'The bandits have pistols.'

'Then I'll ask for soldiers from the nearest garrison.' Panchito shuffled uneasily. 'What 's the matter, Panchito?'

'They say that if we touch them they 'll kill every member of the Council.'

'Who told you that?'

Panchito, always accustomed to be addressed personally as 'thee,' assumed I meant the whole Municipal Council, and answered: —

'Nobody told us. They told it to me alone.'

'Well, then who told it to thee?'

'He, Ignacio, their leader. Last Sunday at the market.'

'How is that?' I nearly jumped up from my chair with amazement.

'The rascal came to sell some meat, — a goat, your honor, — and the old Mariquita began to scream that the goat was not his but old Don Mariano's.'

'But how can a bandit come to a public market to sell meat?'

'Don Filomeño himself is for him,' Panchito whispered confidentially. 'In 1915, when the town treasury was robbed, Don Filomeño himself took seven thousand pesos and buried them. Ignacio helped him and knows all about it.'

'But who is this Ignacio?'

'Oh, your honor, don't you know? He 's one of Don Filomeño's sons.'

I had already heard that Don Filomeño, who has been married three times and has a houseful of children, prides himself on numerous descendants outside his family circle.

So if I arrested the bandit Ignacio, who with his gang had already robbed a hundred houses and killed about twenty people, Ignacio would turn state's evidence against Don Filomeño. Thereupon Don Filomeño would accuse the

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local judge, who is his brother-in-law, of some offense that Panchito knew about but absolutely refused to confide to me. Furthermore, it seemed that Don Filomeño was the right hand of Don Nicolas in selling the latter's ill-smelling liquor, and that he sold his sugar cane to the distillery at a low price. Last of all, Don Filomeño was popular with the villagers, because he lent them money — at forty per cent interest, to be sure. Therefore, if Ignacio brought charges against Don Filomeño, the latter would recall his loans and put everybody in a pickle.

Ignacio consequently came boldly to the public market to sell his stolen meat; and ventured to threaten dire vengeance to the Municipal President, Panchito!

To-day we aired a great scandal in the municipal court. The mayores brought before me a thirteen-year-old Indian boy and an eleven-year-old Indian girl whom he was accused of beating, followed by a mob of parents, relatives, and witnesses on both sides. The women, wrapped in colored shawls, squatted on the floor and sobbed. The men helped themselves without invitation to the seats intended for members of the Municipal Council. They smoked, spat, and offered me cigarettes, which they rolled and wet together with their tongues before my face. A babel of voices. With great difficulty I finally managed to make out who was who, and on whose side the different witnesses were. I had to examine the defendant through an interpreter, for he knew no Spanish, while the relatives of both parties screamed long instructions at me.

'Keep still,' I finally cautioned them, 'or I shall have to put you all under lock and key!'

That helped. It appeared that the boy had asked the girl to marry him many times; but his parents objected, although she was able to bring ten pesos cash and two blankets — a good dowry — into the husband's family. Nevertheless the young people proved obstinate. The boy swore that if I put him in prison he would avenge himself just the same. His own father wanted him punished, but the girl's parents only wanted to collect damages for assault. The girl refused to say a word.

My questions as to the facts remained unanswered. Instead, a deluge of endless talk and threats of blood-vengeance followed. Yet these chocolate-faced people, while talking of vengeance in the presence of their intended victims, amiably offered them cigarettes, and while mutually threatening murder, acted like bosom friends. This was not the first time that I had seen sworn enemies, just before accusing each other of incredible crimes, shake hands in front of the court and go through the long ceremonial formula of greeting; asking each other about the weather, the crops, and so forth, only a moment before they plunged into a torrent of mutual accusations.

Suddenly, in the midst of the general confusion, the girl-plaintiff jumped up from her seat, ran to me, opened her shawl, and pointed out the bruises on her body, talking to me frantically all the time in Aztec.

'She says,' the interpreter explained, 'that he has beaten her and that she refuses to marry anybody but him, and that she will run away from her father's house.'

'But then,' I repeated for the tenth or twentieth time, 'why did you bring them here? Has he injured her in any way? Who are the witnesses?'

The witnesses knew nothing.

'Now here,' I finally said, ringing my bell, 'I intend to end the trial.'

The tumult subsided and everyone made ready to listen to the autocrat.

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'I'll let you two marry, and the witnesses will sign your marriage contract right here.'

There was a moment of silence and then such a tumult was unchained as no steerage deck on an emigrant ship has ever witnessed. The elected members of the municipality nodded approval; their splendid teeth glistened. In a few minutes the civil contract was signed, and the father of the defendant, not much older than his son, came up to me.

'Mr. Secretary,' he said, and I saw that he had already contrived to get drunk, 'thank you!' He pulled a bottle of rum out from under his serape and almost thrust it into my mouth.

'Hold on, hold on! It's forbidden to drink on the bench!'

General amazement. How is that? Have they not drunk together, judges and citizens, from time immemorial, after each trial, right here in the municipal building?

I was forced to accept fifty centavos as a tip; for I should have given deep offense by refusing.

At a general meeting of the Municipal Council I reported that I had secured the services of a woman teacher from Mexico City and that the school for girls would open shortly. No teacher for the boys' school could as yet be found. The people were happy. I also announced that the old 'school tax' of twenty-five centavos per capita, which had not been paid since the revolution, would again be collected, in order to pay the teacher. The Government of the 'Free and Sovereign State of P——,' in whose jurisdiction we lived, had refused to appropriate money for teachers' salaries, because our district deputy — who played a fife in the military band during the reactionary reign of General Diaz, and was a cacique besides — had informed the State legislature that Ueuetepetl was opposed to the revolution.

'Gentlemen,' I told the people, 'you have given me full authority to carry out reforms. But what are our resources for putting these reforms into effect? Only the income of the municipality. That consists of market dues amounting to twenty pesos a month, and fees for weddings, funerals, and other affairs of that kind. But you know yourself that ninety-five per cent of our people refuse to be married by the civil authorities or to bury their dead in the municipal cemetery; so their marriage and funeral fees go to private parties and the priests. Our budget, as approved by the legislature, calls for ten thousand pesos a year; and yet our legal income amounts to no more than six hundred pesos! How can we hope to make up the deficit? By fines for drunkenness and disturbing the peace, paid by those whom your worshipful Don Nicolas poisons with liquor every Sunday? He even pays his men's wages in liquor. Shall we go on thus filling our treasury by poisoning our good laboring-people? Would it not be simpler to tax the distillery as we are legally authorized to do, and to forbid it to sell liquor on Sundays; or even shut it up completely? You would soon see that sober people paid their taxes so much better that it would make up for the loss of fines. I also suggest that all business firms here pay a Government tax. At present nobody does, except Don Filomeño, who pays for his slaughterhouse.'

General enthusiasm. I wrote an ordinance in the minutes book, to the effect that the distillery of my 'benefactor,' Don Nicolas Barreño, was to be taxed three per cent a month of its gross income. All shopkeepers were to pay the same tax. Ten illiterate scrawls — the signatures of the councilmen — adorned the page beneath.

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PETER THE GREAT BEFORE BREAKFAST

BY DMITRII MEREZHKOVSKII

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, November* 9
(Swiss Liberal-Republican Daily)

[This article is an excerpt from Merezhkovskii's most recent novel, *Peter and Alexei*. The novel itself is based on the traditional conflict between King and Crown Prince. Our excerpt, however, confines itself to an imaginative picture of a few hours — very seasonable ones — in the Tsar's life.]

Peter had risen early.

'The devil himself has not waked up yet!' grumbled the sleepy orderly who was building a fire in the stove. A dark November morning looked dully through the window. The Tsar, clothed in a nightcap, a robe, and a leather shirt that fastened down the front, sat at a work bench, modeling by the light of a tallow-candle stub a bone chandelier for the Peter and Paul Cathedral, as a thank offering for his recovery from illness by the use of chalybeate water. Presently he picked up a piece of Finnish birchwood and began to carve a tiny figure of Bacchus bearing the vine branch, intended to adorn the outside of a drinking-cup. The Tsar worked as energetically as if his daily bread depended on his labor.

At half-past four his private secretary, Alexei Vasilievich Makarov, appeared. The Tsar went to his 'praying-desk,' which as a matter of fact was simply a very high walnut writing-desk which would have come up to any ordinary man's neck, and began to dictate a ukase providing for the administrative 'colleges' that were to be set up in Russia, on Leibnitz's advice, after the model and example of other political states.

'Just as in a clock one wheel is set in motion by another,' — thus the philosopher had advised the Tsar, — 'precisely so in the machinery of a great state one "college" must set another in motion, and when they are all working harmoniously together, then the hour hand of the country's life will mark off happier hours.'

The idea of transforming the state into a kind of machine delighted Peter, ever a lover of mechanics; but though the idea seemed so easy, he found that in practice it was extremely difficult. His Russians did not understand these new-fangled 'colleges,' and they did not like them. The Tsar brought 'men learned in the law' from abroad, but they only made things harder because they could do nothing without interpreters. It was a very uncomfortable situation. Now Peter had begun to send young Russian officials to Konigsberg 'to learn German so that they may later find employment in the "colleges."' Each of these young men had a monitor assigned to him 'to keep him from wasting time,' but unhappily the monitors wasted quite as much time as the young men they were sent to watch. The Tsar issued another ukase providing that 'the "colleges" must draw up rules appropriately arranged in paragraphs after the manner of Swedish statutes, for their own guidance. If any particular paragraphs of the Swedish statutes are undesirable or do not apply to conditions in Russia, a suitable substitute must be found.'

But men of the requisite judgment were not to be had, and the Tsar had

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only too much reason to suspect that in his new 'colleges' affairs of state were carried on much as they had been in the old chancelleries. 'All is in vain,' thought Peter, 'so long as men do not think of themselves as direct servants of the Crown. And that is something we can scarcely hope for in a hundred years.'

The orderly announced the arrival of the translator of the College for Foreign Affairs, Vasilii Kozlovskii. A tall young man with a consumptive look entered the room. Fumbling among his papers, Peter pulled out one with many lines stricken out and innumerable notes scrawled in pencil on the margins. It was a tractate on mechanics, which he handed to the translator.

'This is badly rendered; correct it.'

'Your Majesty,' stammered Kozlovskii, quivering with anxiety, 'the author of the book writes in such a style that you can hardly understand him. He uses all kinds of abbreviations and symbols. He writes less for ordinary men to read than to display the subtleties of his philosophic style. I do not know enough about the subject. It is impossible for me to understand it.'

With a great display of patience, the Tsar condescended to explain: —

'Your translation need not give the meaning of every word in the original. All you need to do is grasp the meaning of the whole and reproduce it in your own words and in such a form that it is comprehensible. You need only take care that nothing of importance is lost in the translation, and as for style, you need not trouble over that, since this book is not intended for foolish prettiness, but must be really useful. Then, too, you must avoid all superfluous digressions, which only waste time and make reading impossible. I do not want you to write archaic language, either, but plain and simple Russian. Avoid elaborate expressions and use the ordinary words that you use yourself. Write as simply as you talk. Do you understand?'

'I obey orders, Your Majesty,' answered the translator with the air of a soldier who has received a command, but he hung his head sadly. Only too well did he remember the fate of Boris Volkov, his predecessor in the 'College for Foreign Relations,' who had so despaired over the translation of a French book on gardening, *Le jardinage de Quintiny*, that in terror of the Tsar's anger he slashed open his own veins.

'Well, go with God!' said the Tsar. 'Do your best, and say to Avramov that the type in our new books must be a good deal thicker and blacker than in the other ones. He must change the letters *P* and *B*. They have been cut too carelessly. Then besides, the bindings are bad. He sews them so tight that the covers stick. They ought to be looser.'

When Kozlovskii was gone, Peter began to think over Leibnitz's dream of creating a Russian Encyclopædia — 'a quintessence of knowledge, such as had never yet existed,' and which was to be prepared by the St. Petersburg Academy, 'the highest college of learned statesmen, with the Tsar at their head.' And he thought too of the Russia that the future was to bring, a Russia which would first overtake Europe in science, and then assume the leadership.

'The sandpiper has a long time to St. Peter's day,' murmured the Tsar, quoting the proverb with a bitter laugh. 'Before we can bring the lamp of enlightenment to Europe, we must learn to speak and write our own language, to print books and bind them, and to make paper.'

Then he dictated the following ukase: 'Linen rags and scraps of cloth are to be gathered up in the streets of all towns and cities and sent to the chancellery at

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St. Petersburg. Those who send them in will receive four kopecks a pood.' These rags were intended for his paper factory.

Now followed ukases for the melting of tallow, for the improvement of bark shoes and the preparation of leather for boots. 'Since shoe leather prepared with tar is easily torn and lets in the water when it rains, fish oil is hereafter to be used instead.'

The Tsar cast a glance at the slate which always hung at the head of his bed, so that waking in the night he could write down any new ideas that came into his mind. The night before he had written: 'Where can we store fertilizer? Don't forget Persia. Bark fibre.' And now he bade Makarov read the letter that had come from Volynskii, the Ambassador in Persia: 'The ruler here is such a stupid fellow that his like could not be found among the crowned heads of Europe, nor even among the common people. God has destined this throne for downfall. Although our present war against Sweden may be a hindrance, nevertheless, when I consider the weakness of Persia, I cannot refrain from pointing out that we do not need a large army to make this country our own. A very small force would be quite sufficient, and the present juncture of affairs is ideally suited for our purpose.'

Peter dictated an answer to Volynskii, bidding him to send a merchant down the Amu Darya river to survey a water route to India, describing everything and drawing maps. He bade him prepare a message to the Great Mogul and the Dalai Lama of Tibet. The opening of a way to India, the linking up of Asia with Europe, was Peter's old dream. Twenty years before, when the Greek Orthodox church of Saint Sophia had been opened in Peking, Leibnitz had prophesied: 'The Tsar may unite China with Europe.'

'The Tsar's conquests in Persia will create a far more powerful empire than that of Rome,' the foreign diplomats warned their sovereigns. 'The Tsar, like a modern Alexander, is planning the conquest of the whole world,' said the Sultan.

Peter unfolded the map of the earth which he had once drawn with his own hands at a time when he was thinking of Russia's future. The western portion was marked 'Europe,' the southern 'Asia,' and all the space between Cape Chukotski, in the northeastern corner of Siberia, westward to the River Niemen and Archangel and southward to Ararat, bore the inscription 'Russia' in letters as big as those used for Europe and Asia.

'It is a mistake,' Peter was wont to say, 'to call Russia an empire. It is a continent.'

Now, with his usual strength of will, Peter turned back from dreams to reality, from great affairs to trifles. He began to dictate new ukases, providing depots for fertilizer, providing for the use of horsehair bags instead of the bark-fibre ones that had been used for the sailors' hardtack, for the use of barrels and linen bags for salt, for greater economy in army target-practice, for the development of forests, forbidding the use of hollow tree-trunks for coffins — 'coffins may only be made out of boards nailed together' — and arranging to have an English coffin imported as a model.

He leafed over his notebook to see if he had forgotten anything important. The first page bore the inscription: 'In the name of the God.' Then followed notes of every kind and sort. Sometimes much thought would be represented with only two or three words: —

'A discovery through which many of Nature's secrets may be revealed.'

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'Some carefully thought out experiments: How burning naphtha can be put out by vitriol. How to boil hemp in nitric acid. We must purchase the formula for making leather hose for fire engines.'

'A small compendium to teach religion to the peasants, to be read for their instruction in churches.'

'Instruction for foundling children.'

'Instruction in whale-fishing.'

'Of the downfall of the Greek monarchy through neglecting the art of war.'

'Introduction of French newspapers.'

'Bring in good actors from Germany and pay them well.'

'Of Russian proverbs.'

'Of a Russian lexicon.'

'Secrets of chemistry and investigation of ore.'

'If we are to regard natural law as reasonable, how can we explain the fact that some animals eat others and that we cause them so much suffering.'

'Of modern and ancient methods of dealing with atheists.'

'Draw up a prayer for soldiers: "Great, Holy, and Eternal God," and so forth.'

Peter's notebook was very much like Leonardo da Vinci's.

It was six o'clock before the Tsar began to dress. As he was putting on his stockings, he saw a hole. Tearing off the stocking, he picked up a needle and a spool of darning-cotton and set to work. While he was pondering the best way to march into India in the footsteps of Alexander the Great, he was also darning his stocking! Then he drank aniseed brandy, ate a pretzel, lighted his pipe, left the palace, jumped into a cabriolet, — on which, since it was still dark, a lantern was burning, — and drove off to the Admiralty.

THE AFTER–MEETING

BY ROGER DATALLER

From the *Adelphi, January*
(London Literary Monthly)

Blop! Blop! went the gallery lights . . . Blop! and as the last globe was extinguished Mr. Reuben Sanders closed his eyes. Quiescently his arms fell into place upon the seat to which his face was turned, and a slight smile occupied his lips. For he loved to close his eyes. He loved to hearken to his fellow worshipers, marking each separate point of entry, and recognizing with an infallible recognition the furtive sequence of tappings and whisperings that denoted the presence of one or another of his Methodist acquaintances.

Here upon the extreme right came Lemuel Welsh. Mr. Sanders could have recognized the rustle of that asthmatic breathing anywhere. He had entered from the pulpit door, and with him Henry Coleman, whose silver cuff-links made a diminutive clashing as he shook a silken kerchief out and laid it on the floor. Crk! Crk! The pettish plaint of Mrs. Corder's stays arose as she bowed

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herself upon the rusty footstool with its tangle of well-worn threads. Hush! Hush! Sh-sh-sh-sh, came the delicate, the cautionary rustling of Mrs. Wainwright's satin gown. Ah!

The smile deepened. Within the warm and darksome sanctity of his lowered eyelids, Mr. Sanders called her presence into mind. Her tantalizing fingers, pink with health, and crowded with the burden of curious adornment that the late Josiah Wainwright had heaped upon her, were wonderfully capable. You should see her run the knife around a currant tea-cake (Mr. Sanders could not for the life of him bear plain ones), in the 'cuttings-up,' or work the butter, frozenly obdurate, into an easy-spreading mixture. Hush! S-s-s-sh.

She would be kneeling now, within the high exclusive territory of the corner pew — devoutly kneeling on the crimson glory of her footstool, the strange, malevolent glistening of her carved-jet hatpins alone perceptible above those oaken walls. Malevolent?

Lucy Wainwright? — Lu-cy?

He turned his head a trifle to the left, and opening a cautious eye, peeped out. At first the lamp beyond, a brilliant incandescent globe of light, swam in the centre of his vision, making his eye to water slightly; but bravely he maintained his gaze and swept the ragged distribution of worshipers to where she sat. And all was as he had supposed. The cut-jet ornament, winking lazily, was the only evidence of her presence there. He cast his glance beyond — a pair of pale-gray eyes, a long straight nose, a wisp of thinning hair. So Maleham had arrived. Mr. Sanders brought his lids together with a sense of grievance. And he gave a subdued snort. It was just like Maleham to steal in silently — soft-footed, creepy-creepy — like the tailor that he was.

Oh no, he did n't dislike Maleham. Fools he always had tried to suffer gladly. But there were some fools who might be suffered far more gladly than others. And Maleham was not of these. The tailor always seemed to be such an indeterminate character. He sought to draw around himself a cloak of — what? Of intellectual exclusiveness? Mr. Reuben Sanders was not at all sure. But whatever this slightly irritating quality might be, of one thing he was absolutely certain — that Maleham sprang of Jewish stock.

The fellow never mentioned it, of course. Not that it mattered much — it did n't really matter in the least. But —

'Almighty Father!'

Mr. Sanders moved to ease an aching knee. That was Lemuel, of course —

'We thank Thee that Thou hast spared thy children out of thy almighty love.'

'Amen! Amen!' cried Mr. Sanders explosively, as he always did in the discovery of common ground like that. 'Amen!' he murmured diminuendo, meeting the speaker once again and allowing the full seductive tides of Lemuel's voice to lift and bear him on its surges. Even Lucy — even Mrs. Wainwright knew. Not that it mattered. Last Wednesday evening, after service, the man had hung around, eating up the conversation in the porch outside.

'Bless this church in all its ram-i-fications. Thou has blessed us mightily in the past — '

'Hallelujah!' said Mr. Sanders determinedly. 'Praise Him!' He might have had a Grand Duke's competence by all the fuss and flowered words. Instead — a measly shop, and a dirty back-street establishment at that. That such a man should raise his eyes!

Mr. Sanders ran a finger down his nose incredulously as he remembered his own position at the colliery, and

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the prestige of an under-manager's certificate.

'In Jesu's name — ' Lemuel stopped suddenly. A stray 'Amen' arose. Then silence — a subdued breathing — a smartly indrawn sigh — a touch of utter weariness? — the double tinkle of the Tollgate tram-car bell, frailest point of sound in that vast hinterland of outer darkness.

'O Lord our God — ' The stays were creaking spasmodically. It was Mrs. Corders, poor woman — poor daft woman! — heaving to her feet. Mr. Sanders turned his head away from her in an unavailing effort to escape her voice. But the opening sentences began to dominate his thought, and to his unutterable disgust he found himself compelled to listen while she sallied down upon her Maker in that abominably chatty attitude that he (Mr. Sanders) so detested. As usual, she was ladling out her gossip, her morning-milkman garrulities, with an undue insistence upon irrelevant detail.

'We thank Thee for that bow — that beautiful bow what Thou didst give to hus las' night.' Mr. Sanders wriggled his shoulders pettishly, angry with himself for this compelling circumstance, and angry that he should be angry, in the sanctity of the after-meeting of all places.

'Thou 'as told hus when Thou gave hus thy bow, that Thou would never drownd the world away again, but that Thou wouldst deal with hus in another fashion.'

Mr. Sanders cleared his nostrils with an aggressive snort. He clashed his cuff-links savagely upon the book before him. Meditation had become impossible.

'O Lord, wash us clean, as Thou didst wash thy disciples' feet in them olden days. Wash all the corners out.'

He clicked his tongue with infinite pity. Was it possible that there could be so great a gulf of difference between two women in the service? Lu-cy, and — and this?

'Put thy loving arms right round about hus, over our 'eads, and right underneath our feet.'

Abominable!

'Would any other brother care to pray — but briefly, please?' asked the leader in his level tone. Another brother would, and Mr. Sanders brought both hands together, loosely interlocked in the preparatory movement, when a voice whose timbre there was no mistaking broke from the rearmost pew. It was the tailor opening out in prayer.

Mr. Sanders's fingers fell apart. With no definite purpose at all he found himself groping around in the darkness for his hymn-book to run a firm thumb-nail along its leaves. Everybody, the tailor included, understood that Mr. Sanders always prayed the third, and this unwarrantable intrusion — what could it mean? He thrust out his lips portentously. There was a certain sinister flavor —

'Almighty Spirit — ' Ah! there he was again with that New Theological bugaboo. 'Monarch,' 'Lord of All,' were n't quite good enough for Maleham.

'The things of the spirit — '

Mr. Sanders opened his eyes, gazed down reprobatively upon his waistcoat, and followed the thin bright line of his watch-chain as it looped across his stomach. Too often and too long had that familiar phrase concealed the anarchistic leanings of his neighbor. So. He was praying for the heathen now — he was praying for the Government. So. Well, another would pray that night for His Britannic Majesty's Ministers of State, thank God! So. He passed into the prisons now — the slums. What next?

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Mr. Sanders stirred uncomfortably, shifting his weight from one knee to another. This easy flow of diction was somehow strangely disquieting.

'O Thou, who art perfection here — Ineffable One! — our dreams, our thoughts go out to Thee — '

At first he struggled with the semblance that the spoken words imposed, yet slowly, slowly, a nameless fear crept in his heart — a dominating emotion that seemed to gnaw into his very vitals. The serpent's tongue, in its age-old nefariousness, that silky serpent's tongue was weaving webs of unspeakable abomination. Impossible that Lucy should be listening to this —

'We bring Thee all our unworthiness. We lay it at thy feet, O Thou who art perfection — '

Mr. Sanders ran his hand across his brow, away over the briefest stubble of hair to the further fringes of a large bald patch. And covering his eyes once more, incuriously he became aware of his perspiration-sodden fingers. Ah! that was Maleham — the perspiration, the prayer, the tripping pauses — insufferable the counting of the seconds as they ambled on — tick, tick, tick. Maleham's voice, his words, his message, seemed to race the slothful-footed clock — to leave the prinking points of sound a thousand miles away — 'a gowden bracelet what 'eedna got offna young Boer woman' — that was the banksman talking last Friday as he waited for the cage — an old South African or something. 'Gone raand my guts it would. Well, yer want a woman ter comfort yer, eh Mester Sanders? The bigger the better — eh?' The Pithead must have known —.

'In the name of One — '

Maleham had already entered into his concluding sentence. Mr. Sanders rose.

'Almighty Monarch!' he began impetuously. 'We love the place O Lord wherein thine honor dwells, the joy of thine abode all earthly joy excels. We thank Thee for the blood that Thou did shed for the remission of sins. We are poor unworthy vessels in thy sight, yet we would throw ourselves unreservedly into thy arms. Thine arms are warm and comforting. We feel that Thou canst take care of us, O God, even as Thou didst take care of the mother of Lazarus in her affliction. Incline our hearts graciously towards Thee. May we find favor in thy sight. Speak in our hearts the comforting word. The world is a great big lonely place, O God. We are awaiting thy presence with us to comfort and to bless, to find a balm of woe, to tend the lone and fatherless is angel's work below.'

Mr. Sanders paused and drew a deep breath through his teeth.

'If it is a word of decision we are waiting for to-night, help us to make up our minds, O God, to be at one with Thyself. Wilt Thou not speak to thy servant? Speak, for thy servant heareth!'

He paused again, and with half-uplifted hand betrayed some measure of surprise. Was not that the faintest 'Amen,' winsome and feminine, from the fastness of the Wainwright pew?

'For Jesu's sake,' he said abruptly. As he slid into a kneeling posture once again, he trembled with unwonted eagerness. He began to wonder vaguely how the hour stood, and whether other of the brethren wished to pray. He hoped not, quite sincerely, for the night was well advanced, and people would be tiring soon of chapel and the service.

'A gowden bracelet offner a Boer woman.' How that silly phrase persisted in his mind. He eased his watch into the light. Another two minutes — he 'd give 'em another two minutes, and then — ? Well, Maleham did n't matter any more. He just did n't matter. And Mr. Sanders squeezed his eyes together more tightly than ever.

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GERMAN SECRET SERVICE IN WAR TIME

From the *New Statesman, November* 29
(London Radical-Liberal Weekly)

[The present article is a review of the new English translation of Colonel W. Nicolai's book, *The German Secret Service*, which has aroused a quite comprehensible interest in London.]

This book is, as far as we are aware, the only book in existence which tells the unvarnished truth about secret-service work. Colonel Nicolai was the head of the German Intelligence Department during the war, and he tells the story of his successes and his failures with a frankness and a thoroughness that are altogether German. He makes it quite obvious that he is telling the truth — his motive being to convince his own countrymen both of the importance and of the deficiencies of the German intelligence service.

Before the war, Colonel Nicolai tells us, the German General Staff had a fairly large and efficient espionage service in France and Russia, but no service worth mentioning in England, and none at all in America. Espionage was possible in France because French society is so largely 'international,' and in Russia because Russians of all classes were venal. Nevertheless, when war came both services broke down — 'to the honor,' says Colonel Nicolai, 'of the French and Russian people' — and had to be completely reconstructed on a new basis. In England a start had to be made, but practically nothing could be done owing to the sea barrier which enabled the English authorities to exercise an almost perfect control over communications. German agents, even if they got into England, could not get out again; there was no frontier they could creep across by night. As for the activities of 'German spies' in America, Colonel Nicolai states, what we can well believe, that Berlin knew much less about them than Washington did, that they were the private enterprise of a group of German Americans, and that their sporadic acts of sabotage, conceived on no systematic plan, probably did far more harm than good.

For several reasons, which Colonel Nicolai accurately specifies, the German secret service had far greater difficulties to contend with than the similar services of the Entente Powers. One such reason was that the French and Belgians could drop men at night from airplanes behind the German lines with the certainty — since it was French or Belgian territory — that the local population would do everything possible to conceal them, to give them information, and to assist their eventual escape to the Allied lines. But another reason — to which non-Germans would hesitate to refer if Colonel Nicolai had not done so — is far more interesting. It was much easier for the French and English secret services to secure agents of German nationality than vice versa. It is not that Germans are more venal or treacherous than we are, but that their sense of nationality is much weaker, and that they include many heterogeneous elements. Not only Posen, but even Munich, was full of men who had little or no sense of loyalty toward Prussia. Many Irishmen might perhaps as willingly have betrayed England, but they had few opportunities. Colonel Nicolai returns over and over again to this point, and gives some remarkable figures. For

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example, of about 400 spies sentenced in Germany during the war, 235 were Germans, 46 were Frenchmen, and only 3 were Englishmen.

In another chapter Colonel Nicolai tells us that before the war the Intelligence Department of the German General Staff did not dare to inform the public of the facts about enemy espionage, 'because it was feared that the evil might thereby be increased and an ever larger number of persons [Germans] be enticed as agents into the hostile service.' In yet another passage he describes how the French and English used German prisoners as military spies; but

> this method of obtaining information could not be resorted to by the German military authorities. No enemy prisoners of war were found who would undertake work of this nature against their own country.

Even German prisoners who escaped from French or English prison camps and offered information

> had to be treated with great care because of the suspicion that they were sent back with the help of the enemy to make investigations and to desert again at the next opportunity. We established the correctness of this suspicion on several occasions . . . so we made it a principle to send these men to the German East front.

French, English, and even Irish prisoners could not be used in this manner. In a few cases, however, the Germans found that French women could be used against 'their foreign oppressors the English and the Americans,' and sometimes 'Englishmen in the French war-area and Frenchmen in the English theatre of war were ready to be of service to the German Intelligence Service.'

As for the Russians, the troops from the Baltic provinces fought well and were loath to speak. The Jews and the Poles fought very badly and spoke readily. The Siberians were Russia's best soldiers. The Russian officers in general 'remained true to their military oath.' They were soldierly and unpretentious, and refused to give any information, and 'many of them escaped imprisonment by committing suicide.' It was the French Secret Service in Russia, according to Colonel Nicolai, that was largely if not mainly responsible for the overthrow of the Tsarist régime; and for a month or two their tactics were justified. The Russian army under Kerensky began once more to believe in the possibility of victory 'and the prisoners we took showed a strong anti-German bias.' Accordingly the German Government allowed Lenin to travel across Germany, 'because it hoped thereby to create difficulties for the anti-German Kerensky Government.'

In his comparison of the respective methods of the French and English secret services, Colonel Nicolai shows a good deal of accurate knowledge. The French method was espionage en masse — a vast number of agents who 'produced great quantities of news, the worth of which it was difficult to estimate and in the volume of which the little that was important and accurate was lost.' Colonel Nicolai's belief, on the other hand, was that quality was more important than quantity. 'It is one of the peculiarities of intelligence work,' he sagely remarks, 'that bad agents send in a great deal of news and good ones very little.'

The German I. S. was run on these principles. The English also acted on them before the war, and apparently continued to do so afterward. But the Russian and French services followed them neither before nor during the war. After the war the French continued to reject them, because the French I. S. is not so much concerned with ascertaining facts as with obtaining reports which assist in the realization of French political aims.

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Most Englishmen, we suppose, who have come in contact at any time with the methods of the French Secret Service would endorse Colonel Nicolai's verdict.

There are many passages in this book which are likely, not only to interest the English reader, but to flatter his sense of national superiority. A few such we may quote: —

> After having withstood heavy artillery fire it was to be expected that the better-trained English prisoners should show greater powers of resistance than the French and Belgian. While after such experiences the latter displayed a nervous loquacity, the above-mentioned influences caused the Englishmen to be silent and often completely obdurate. . . .
>
> Even after they were captured the English retained their strict discipline. . . . An iron discipline, maintained by a severe code of punishments, was in their very blood. We discovered in a captured army-order that in one army alone, within eleven months, several officers and sixty-five soldiers had been shot, mostly for cowardice in face of the enemy, but also for lesser misdemeanours. . . .
>
> All the English prisoners were convinced that their country would win the war as it had done all others. . . . It was remarkable also that the Irish prisoners sided with Great Britain against Germany. . . . All the Colonial troops were like the Irish, united in the view that England had never entered a war which she had not won. . . . The American prisoners were robuster than the English, but they had not such great powers of resistance.

The reader will observe that Colonel Nicolai has a nice way of saying of us almost exactly the things that we think of ourselves!

Colonel Nicolai maintains that though it failed on its political side, the German Intelligence Service was extremely efficient for purely military purposes — far better than the services of any of the Entente Powers. 'It is a fact that the German Supreme Command was not surprised by events in any case of importance.' This is probably true. Always, Colonel Nicolai declares, the German staff had full knowledge in advance of French or English military movements on the Western front, whereas it was not until July 1918 that 'a German attack met, for the first time, a completely informed enemy' — with fatal consequences; 'it seems that the enemy owed his knowledge not to his espionage but to the statements of German prisoners.'

All this is extremely interesting. Indeed, it is more than that. It is a most able account, as fascinating as it is valuable, of what a secret intelligence service is and should be in modern warfare. There is plenty of melodrama in it, but we have no space here to do more than refer to that more popular side of the picture. The final chapter (contributed by the translator) tells the story of the notorious Colonel Redl, who, while in the pay of the Russians, became, and for some years remained, the actual chief of the Austrian military secret service. His double rôle was discovered only a few months before the war. He was allowed to commit suicide.

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THE NOVELS OF 1924 AND THEIR READERS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

From the *Outlook*, *December* 27
(LIBERAL-LABOR WEEKLY)

AFTER twelve months spent in criticizing books with an eye upon their readers, it is only fair that I should be allowed as a holiday to criticize readers with an eye upon their books. Moreover, it was about this tide that the Romans held the festival of the Saturnalia and masters waited upon their slaves, so that there will be found no impertinence in me if for a jest I turn the public whom I have served on this one occasion to my uses. And lastly, if I did not do so, I know not what I should do, for though many very fair novels, and one great, and one all but great, have been published in 1924, I have read none of which it could be said, 'This marks a new development in fiction,' or, 'This finally signifies the impassable limitations of such and such a style.' Fiction stands to-day where it stood a year ago. Realism is dead and the New Romance still childish. Perhaps there might dimly be detected a greater volume of novels striving to satirize or to depict contemporary fashions of thought and feeling, or with more ambition to attack contemporary problems. But if we are to generalize at all, let us turn from what the author gives to what the public takes.

Now it must be premised that the public, that idol of the advertiser which like so many primitive idols is also the butt and whipping-boy, is not one but many. The majority of those buying or borrowing novels read in all probability very little. They do not even read reviews. Reputations, except those of their own making, sway them not at all. Their favor has made men wealthy, has given them villas on the Mediterranean, and castles frowning upon Northern seas; the promise of it drives scores of schoolgirls to ink their fingers, and keeps publishers hoping against hope; but it has never been thoroughly analyzed and never will be. No, it is a mystery, what makes best-sellers sell best.

Next above Class A we come to Class B, who read quite a lot and subscribe to circulating-libraries. The difference between them and A may be likened to the difference between Trollope and Mrs. Henry Wood, to that between Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Bennett and Mr. Hutchinson or Miss Dell. The people of Class B are intelligent, and their judgment is nearly always confirmed by that of the severest critics posterity can boast. Their one failing is that they make no discoveries, and are slow in endorsing real merit. How long was Mr. Galsworthy in being acclaimed by them? For how many years did Joseph Conrad labor, cheered by the applause of critics alone! Meanwhile it is interesting to observe that these B men, these bourgeois and Philistines, are to-day where the highbrows were a generation ago; esteeming irony, respecting frankness, impatient of institutions and conventions, tenderly though distantly sympathetic with the oppressed. They have gone forward, to borrow a comparison from the theatre, all the way to *Saint Joan* from *The Sign of the Cross*, and have rejected Wilson Barrett in favor of

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Doctor Thorndike. There is no author but should be proud to be praised by Class B after his death; let him look closely into his soul if that applause is offered him in his lifetime.

Class C numbers about twenty-five thousand. They seek amusement from fiction, and also they seek something more — that white, strange ecstasy which ennobles the encounter of the amateur with the creator of good literature, and indeed ennobles the intercourse of any two souls. Of course, that ecstasy is unusual, and no reason appears why they should not in the intervals amuse themselves with lesser work. As B men keep fiction human, C men keep it alive. As C men sanction reputations, B men create them. They are reading *A Passage to India*. I hope they are also reading *Precious Bane*.

Way up at the very apex of the triangle come the coteries, sects, and propagandists. They are the least in number, but the most voluble of any section. Many things can be, and have been, said against them. They are given over to mutual admiration, and proclaim themselves arbiters of taste while busy in praising their second cousins; they prefer novelty to truth and neologisms to English; they are shameless in self-advertisement. But two things may be said on their behalf. The one is that they do represent the last traditions of the eighteenth century, and are genuinely bewildered and pardonably annoyed because literary reputations can no longer be made or unmade over a tea-table. The other is that with all their extravagances of conduct and expression they do love literature and try to further her interest. Therefore, they lend to literature variety.

These classes might be infinitely subdivided. What is common to them all, be they four or forty, or four hundred thousand, as compared with those classes of 1894 or 1904, or, I would venture to say, of 1920, is an absence of conviction. I will take two simple examples. Mr. Forster's last novel describes, among other things, the relations of the English with the nations of India and the peculiar emotions of the English officer or official. So did Mr. Kipling's earliest tales. Of the two authors Mr. Kipling was the more bitter against the machine. But never once, I suggest, did it occur to Mr. Kipling that there was any alternative to English rule. For him India was a serio-comic episode in the advance of imperialism. For Mr. Forster it is a unique drama, entirely detached from history. As a second exercise compare Mr. Arlen's *Green Hat* with Mr. Benson's *Dodo*. Lady Chesterford was a light, a terribly advanced young woman, who so far sported with the marriage tie that she once ordered round a carriage for an elopement, but it is never suggested that she was anything but misled. However, Dodo loved Jack; the eternal verities, as the son of Archbishop Benson remembered, remained. The heroine of *The Green Hat*, whose name I forget, solicited to become her lovers strangers she met on the stairs; and the moral is that she had had a hard time and must not be too quickly condemned.

To sum up, in rather pompous language, I would suggest to you that contemporary literature of all kinds is today undetermined by any consistent philosophy, and that novelists will have to construct, on the basis of emotion, or perchance on some other foundation, a philosophy of their own. The solid background of Victorian England has gone. It is of no use to pretend that it is still here. If fiction is not to relapse into insipid satire or society gossip, it must concern itself with primary and eternal interests of the human heart.

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AT A MONGOLIAN MARKET

BY L. H.

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 4*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

[The following article is an extract from a private letter written from Yalantung, Manchuria, early last September.]

Last month I accepted the invitation of some Russian friends at Khailar to visit them. The journey toward the Russian border and into Mongolia was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. As far as the watershed of the Khingan Mountains our route lay through level, grassy bottomlands. The undulating borders of the valleys were sparsely clothed with birches, larches, and pines; and the lowland meadows were a sea of flowers, without brambles or obstacles of any sort. At only one point do a couple of wagon-tracks — the main highway from the Russian border to Sitsihar — interrupt the unbroken expanse of virgin landscape. What a paradise for horsemen and huntsmen! Game was plentiful on every side — deer, pheasants, partridge, bears. The rounded summits of the Khingan Mountains have a Central European flora. Real edelweiss grows on their highest peaks.

We stopped at a little inn kept by the former Governor-General of Kazan and his wife. Wild strawberries, raspberries, bilberries, and blueberries grew in profusion on the hillsides. The bilberries were twice as large as in Germany, and we ate them every day for two weeks. They cost two cents a pound in Khingan. The Argun River, of which I first heard in my geography class, is a dark, swift stream flowing between low hills and broad meadows.

At Khailar, on the Emingnol, we reached the true steppes. The town lies about two thousand feet above sea level, and it has some eight thousand Russian residents. Those who are railway employees and officials — mostly noblemen — occupy neat, one-story, stone houses in the railway town, while Russian merchants reside in the native quarter. I stopped at the Russian drugstore, whose proprietor is also a wool dealer, for there are no hotels.

Five great wool-washing establishments lie along the Emingnol, of which the largest belongs to the Chinese Eastern Railway. They wash, sort, sun-dry, and press into bales the wool of the Emingnol steppes. There is also a packing-house owned by the Anglo-Danish 'Product Export Company,' which exports cattle, sheep, and Heaven knows what kinds of game to Japan and England. The highway to Blagovyeshchensk forks off at this point.

Living is still incredibly cheap at Khailar. To quote prices in American money, — which is twice the value of the Mexican dollar current here, — meat costs three and one half cents a pound, cucumbers five cents a hundred, solid cabbage-heads one and one half cents each, a large sheep $3.50. Tomatoes, green peppers, cauliflower, and potatoes are simply marvelous. A deer costs $1.50. A family can revel in abundance for $30 or $37.50 a month. The manager of the Russian-Asiatic Bank, who has free house and heat, lives for $100 a month. My friend pays his bookkeeper $50 a month, and the manager of his branch office in Harbin receives the same salary. The summers

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are short, the days warm, and the nights cold. In the winter the thermometer falls to 20° or 30° below zero, but there is little wind and very little snow. The air is as clear as crystal and as stimulating as champagne.

I accompanied my friend across the steppes from Khailar to the great annual market near the important lama-cloister of Hanjur, about 130 miles to the south and west. Soon after leaving Khailar we came to a scraggly sacred grove in the midst of the steppes, beyond which we entered what seemed like a different world. The grass-covered plain spread out before us, an endless succession of gentle billows, like the swells of a petrified green ocean. Far to the south lay a range of blue mountains, resembling a distant seacoast. The air was marvelously clear and the sky was an unbroken expanse of brilliant blue, except for a remote bank of thunder-clouds close to the far horizon. The silence was almost oppressive. Yonder trotted a hang-dog wolf searching for something to eat along the trail. Two deer bounded past. Crossing a shallow basin a mile or more wide, we ascended the gentle slope beyond, to find in front of us a new and even larger depression filled with a long, narrow lake. Skirting its waters through the low grass, we startled thousands of geese, duck, and plover. At a point where the herbage was a little higher, we suddenly saw several long necks rising out of what looked like bunches of brown leaves. They were bustards. We were close to them before they rose heavily, settling on the ground again a short distance away. A few days ago an employee of the German-Asiatic Bank shot seven within an hour, of which the largest weighed thirty-eight pounds.

At length we again saw men in the distance — a caravan carrying salt from some saline lake to the town. Next we came to the first yurt, where high-wheeled wagons were drawn up in a circle. It was a family encampment, with cattle, sheep, and horses grazing near by. After an interval of an hour or more we spied a couple of horsemen with rifles slung behind their shoulders crossing the trail far ahead. My friend said they were Mongolian soldiers.

For a long period we were again in solitude and silence. The thunder-clouds on the horizon appeared to be drawing nearer. All at once a solitary, steep mountain emerged from the dark-blue range ahead of us. It was Bogdar Ula, the holy mountain of the Mongols, six thousand feet high. Again we ascended a long, gentle acclivity. Evening was drawing on apace. Suddenly I saw a lofty temple rising from the plain ahead of us and surrounded by many huts. It was Hanjur. My companion was vastly pleased, for we had made a record run.

Two or three miles beyond the temple the steppe was dotted with countless grayish-white points and herds of grazing animals, indicating the site of the annual market, which was not permitted closer to the holy buildings. We pushed ahead at more moderate speed. I stared with wonder at the innumerable great felt tents erected in villages palisaded like South African kraals. Their occupants had faces the color of copper verging upon black, and were clothed in long scarlet, orange, yellow, and green caftans, with turbans of the same color, like Arabs and Indians. Mongols, Buriats from Baikal, and men of a hundred unknown breeds, mostly wearing long queues, and often two on the same horse, passed us at a gallop — almost never at a walk. We wound our way slowly through the crowd and halted at length before an encampment — our host's headquarters.

'*Pazhalusta* (With your permission),'

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he said, and bade us enter, through a door three feet high, our temporary home. Felt mats were quickly spread on its grassy floor, and heavy carpets laid on top of them. A narrow Chinese table was set in the middle. After we had washed our hands with hot water poured over them, we reclined around the table while the Tatar cook brought in a fat roasted lamb on a double spit fully a yard long. Each one was served a piece of the roasted meat in a wooden bowl. A great pile of black bread, which we had brought with us from Khailar, was cut up, and how we did eat! After our meal and a smoke, our host lugged us off to visit the yurts of all his acquaintances. We crept again and again through low doors, drank interminable quantities of tea, and shook uncounted dirty hands. Finally back to bed. The stars shone down on us through the smoke-hole in the roof. We stretched out with our feet toward the centre, and a moment later I was in oblivion.

The early-morning chill roused us from our slumbers. Though it was but the end of August, our breath rose in frosty columns through the still air of dawn. But brisk exercises warmed us up, warm water was poured over our hands again, and we were soon reclining around the low table devouring black bread, sardines, cheese, and sausages from Moscow. Then out to the market!

What a picture in the early-morning sun! The yurts of the market proper were pitched along streets fifty or sixty feet wide and covered an area a mile or more in diameter. Beyond the market itself stood the yurts of the Mongol visitors, surrounded by the cattle, sheep, and horses they had brought to sell. An amazing throng of animals and human beings crowded the streets. Mongols, of many tribes, mostly on horseback, a few riding camels, clad in caftans and turbans of the brightest colors, and wearing long queues, formed a majority of the visitors. Generally they galloped or trotted, threading their way through the crowd with incredible skill, the reins held high in the left hand and a long staff brandished in the right. Their saddles were made of wood richly inlaid with silver, and were very narrow, with high points in front and behind, so that a European could hardly sit in them. The men's faces were open and dignified.

I was cautioned to keep on the side of the street, for skillful as the riders are, they take little heed of pedestrians. Occasionally I saw Buriats from Baikal — a man and his wife with their servants behind them, all on horseback, the man plainly and the wife richly clad. We admired one pretty, pert-looking young lady, who as soon as she noticed our attention began to make eyes at us and flirt. The Mongolian women were often on foot. They wore gigantic blinders richly adorned with silver, head circlets with strings of coral and amber beads hanging from them, and silver finger- and ear-rings.

The tall Mongolian carts with wheels six feet high are roughly put together of birch wood, without tires or any iron whatever in their construction. They are drawn by camels, with the drivers frequently astride. A Mongol passed us at a gallop, with a live sheep slung across the saddle in front of him, which he wished to barter for flour or tobacco. Two youngsters charged by on the same horse, one holding the reins high in the left hand, the other belaboring the richly decorated leather saddlecloth with his stick, but not hitting the beast itself. At another point I observed a Mongol on horseback extending his hand to a Russian. They clasped their hands under the latter's sleeve, so that I could see noth-

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ing. I asked what they were doing, and was told that they were privately bargaining over a dozen oxen by finger-signs. Not one word was spoken in the transaction.

The visitors at the fair impressed me pleasantly. I saw no wrangling or fighting. Now and then a blockade of horses, camels, carts, and pedestrians occurred, but no one showed impatience. The Russians bought great numbers of cattle and sheep, and large quantities of wool. During the last three days of the fair horses were sold. I heard Russians curse the crazy Shanghai millionaires who had begun to send horse-buyers to Khailar and bid a thousand dollars for an animal that used to sell for fifty or a hundred.

At the entrance of every encampment huge, long-haired Mongolian dogs were tied. They are harmless during the day, but after nightfall no prudent person ventures near them. If a man wishes to visit a friend, he first calls out, 'Where is the dog?' and the owner must hold the beast until his guest enters.

On the third day I witnessed some remarkable horse-racing. Twenty, thirty, or forty mounted Mongolians charged in a wild, confused mob across a broad piece of steppe, without order, shouting at the top of their voices, swinging their staffs, their caftans flying in the air. Spectators on foot and on horseback crowded the sidelines, shouting applause and criticism to the riders. What a picture! The brilliant colors of the caftans and turbans, the clamor of the contestants, the roaring of the spectators, the thunder of the hoofs on the hard steppe, the blue heaven above, the crystalline atmosphere! I asked to have the races explained to me, for the horses galloped, walked, did what they wanted to, and often all one saw was a red-and-scarlet tangle of charging steeds and men. I was told that the idea is only for each rider to show off his horse and his horsemanship. There are no prizes.

Occasionally I saw a Mongolian wrestling-match. The contestants held each other by the shoulders and tried to throw their opponents by tripping them, as well as with their arms.

My host was one of the largest wool-buyers of the region and knew all the Mongolian 'princes,' who visit the market to collect their percentage on the sales. These princes had their camps apart from the common folks, and lived in beautifully decorated tents. We visited three of them, and were entertained with dried sour milk and buttered tea.

I also visited the Hanjur Cloister, where only a week previously one of the four living Buddhas had spent a period. We saw a religious service, which, as my friend remarked, bore a great resemblance to the ritual of the Eastern Jews. The burnt-offering was made in front of the temple under the open sky, the smoke rising, as it did from Abel's altar, straight to Heaven. The priests remained inside, blowing upon huge silver-inlaid oxhorns. Prayers were then read from Tibetan books. Last of all, the priests ate pieces of the meat of the burnt-offering. Mongolian women, in some cases led by their children, walked around the temple carrying big boxes filled with stones. I was told that they did this as a penance for their sins.

It took little imagination to fancy oneself back in the times of Genghis Khan. I remember seeing in Vienna a picture representing a great migration of peoples in ancient times. At this market I saw the same faces, clothing, and colors that the artist had portrayed on his Vienna canvas. The smoke of the burnt-offering was like a passage out of the Bible. In fact, the Mongols on their broad steppes still live in the early Middle Ages.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A SACRED PLACE

BY 'A. E.'

[*Irish Statesman*]

Be still: be still: nor dare
Unpack what you have brought,
Nor loosen on this air
Red gnomes of your thought.

Uncover: bend the head
And let the feet be bare.
This air that thou breathest
Is holy air.

Sin not against the Breath,
Using ethereal fire
To make seem as faëry
A wanton desire.

Know that this granite height
Can be a judgment throne.
Dread thou the unmovable will,
The wrath of stone.

THE MASTER

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Adelphi*]

Nigh to the window sill the snow
Had drifted when 't was time to go,
And, lifted shoulder-high, we bore
The master from Starkacre door.

His well-beloved fields in snow
Were shrouded when 't was time to go,
And in the shieling snug and warm
His flock was sheltered from the storm.

Storm-bound and blinded by the snow,
Nor sheep nor pasture saw him go,
Although his whole heart's hopes and fears
Had been bound up in them for years.

Indifferent to the driving snow
He went when it was time to go,
And yet 't is hard to think that he
Left flock and field indifferently.

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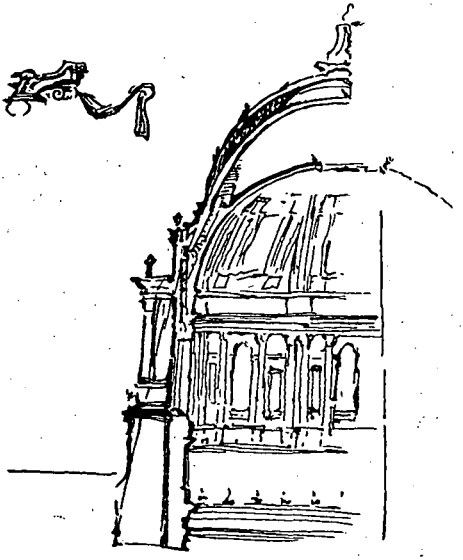
THE DANGER OF ST. PAUL'S

LONDON Bridge is well known in every nursery to be more or less perpetually falling down, but Englishmen are just beginning to wake up to the fact that other equally famous structures in Britain's capital are swiftly sinking into a condition of literal dilapidation. It is only a year or two since the ravages of the 'death watch' beetle in the ancient oak-vaulting of Westminster Hall became so serious that an elaborate system of concealed steel beams had to be put in place to hold up the roof beneath which Charles I was tried and sentenced. Now the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral threatens to come crashing down — the whole forty thousand tons of it — about the ears of the worshipers some fine Sabbath morning unless the eight piers which — more and more unwillingly — support its weight are speedily repaired.



THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S
A Sketch by Sir Christopher Wren

Sir Christopher Wren built for eternity, but his structure has not quite lived up to his intentions, partly because he did not sink his foundations far enough, and partly because he had to skimp materials and put his massive dome with its gigantic lantern, ball, and cross upon hollow stone piers loosely filled with rubble, in which are said to be stones from the old St. Paul's that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson knew. After two hundred and fifty years of Atlas-like endeavor the piers are beginning to give way, and for months scaffoldings have been necessary to keep loose stones from being squeezed out and falling into the congregation. The Cathedral itself rests upon concrete arches based on 'made' ground with many layers of clay, sand, and gravel beneath. Its condition will be rendered still more perilous if the Corporation of the City of London insists on building its new St. Paul's Bridge across the Thames, which, it is feared, will bring so much heavy traffic past the Cathedral that it will be literally shaken down.

The eight piers supporting the dome are the immediate problem. The dome itself is a triple structure consisting of the inner dome, then an invisible brick cone which carries the lantern, ball, and cross, and finally, towering over London, the outer dome, which is supported by a forest of timber-work between itself and the brick cone, and is relieved of its outward thrust by a huge iron chain around its base. This triple dome is still quite intact, but the same cannot be said for the rubble piers that support it. These are to be subjected to 'grouting' — an unlovely word by which is meant the process of forcing

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liquid concrete in under pressure and thus transforming them, rubble and all, into solid columns. The security of the Cathedral's foundations is an equally important but less pressing problem. The *Architects' Journal* holds out hope:—

> Fortunately modern methods of restoration are equal to the emergency. It is possible for this generation to put St. Paul's into a thoroughly satisfactory condition of repair and to remove the bogey of structural instability, humanly speaking, for all time.

After twelve years of misgivings the affair was brought to a head when a Committee of Experts submitted a report which was promptly followed by a notice from the city surveyor condemning the Cathedral, like any tenement, as a 'dangerous building.'

The situation, however, is by this time as good as saved. No sooner had the alarming condition of St. Paul's become known than innumerable Englishmen took their pens in hand to 'write to the *Times* about it.' That famous newspaper, rising promptly to the emergency, opened — with the approval of the Dean and Chapter — a restoration fund to which private individuals, banks, business firms, the City Companies, the London Mayor, and the Throne itself, made haste to contribute. The amount immediately required was set by experts as from £120,000 to £140,000, and contributions came pouring in at the rate of nearly £10,000 a day, from all over England, from Europe, from India, and from Egypt, where the appeal was posted in all hotels and clubs. One of the most interesting gifts was the £1000 contributed by the Hudson's Bay Company, of whose Committee Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, was a member from 1679 to 1683.

Similar difficulties have not been unknown in other English Cathedrals. In 1861 the tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral actually did fall in. The foundations at Winchester gave rise to very grave concern before they were at length satisfactorily repaired; and the foundations of Wells Cathedral began to sink centuries ago, confronting the mediæval builders with a problem which they solved once for all by devising the curious double-S arch still to be seen in the nave, supporting the vast square central tower. Westminster Abbey has given less trouble, but this may be chiefly because its tower and steeple have never been built.

The site of St. Paul's has been occupied by religious structures of some kind for almost two thousand years, and though some of them have lasted several centuries, each has come to grief at last. The earliest building is supposed to have been a Roman temple of Diana, which fell to pieces after the legions were withdrawn. The first Christian building was erected by King Ethelbert of Kent in the seventh century and burned four hundred years later. Maurice, Bishop of London, began the first Cathedral, using stone brought over from Caen and other stone from the ruins of the Palatine Tower given him by William the Conqueror; but his unfinished work was ruined by fire forty years later. By 1240 the central tower and choir had been rebuilt, but other construction went on for a century more. The old Cathedral was struck by lightning in the fifteenth century, and again in 1561, when the tower was destroyed. The Great Fire of London finished it and cleared the way for Sir Christopher, the present state of whose handiwork lends a rather melancholy significance to his proud epitaph: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

As a matter of national pride St. Paul's will never be allowed to decay. Here Wycliffe was tried for heresy in 1377. Here Tyndale's New Testament was publicly burned in 1527. Here,

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during the days of the Cathedral's commercial desecration, Shakespeare and Jonson must have found their characters; and here certainly the 'Children of Powles' acted. St. Paul's is

> that younger Pile, whose skylike dome
> Hath typified by reach of daring art
> Infinity's embrace

of which Wordsworth wrote. It was in St. Paul's that William Blake saw the charity children — 'these flowers of London town' — at Holy Thursday service. James Thomson, the 'laureate of pessimism,' looked wearily back at the Cathedral from Hampstead Heath, and John Davidson more cheerfully saw

> how shadowy,
> Of some occult magician's rearing,
> Or swung in space of heaven's grace
> Dissolving, dimly disappearing,
> Afloat upon ethereal tides
> St. Paul's above the city rides!

and in the streets below Henley was moved to write: —

> And the high majesty of Paul's
> Uplifts a voice of living light and calls —
> Calls to his millions to behold and see
> How goodly this his London Town can be!

It was in St. Paul's, too, that on April 20, 1917, a solemn service of consecration marked America's entrance into the World War; and here on July 6, 1919, the Empire offered National Thanksgiving for victory.

*

PSYCHOLOGY À LA RUSSE

THE London *Morning Post* — always a bitter foe to radicals of every stripe — prints this vicious bit of anti-Bolshevist propaganda with unconcealed relish: —

We understand that the following attempt at racial characterization is now current in Moscow: 'One Englishman, correctness; two Englishmen, fastidiousness; three Englishmen, Parliament. One German, boredom; two Germans, organization; three Germans, Das Vaterland. One Frenchman, society; two Frenchmen, a duel; three Frenchmen, Hegemony. One Russian, a genius; two Russians, intoxication; three Russians, a row.

*

MORE ABOUT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Two books of interest to Americans, because they relate to Christopher Columbus and are published in the land from which he sailed, have recently appeared in Madrid. The first, published under the auspices of the Department of American Study in the University of Valladolid, is the work of a young professor, Señor Maldonado de Guevara, and is entitled *The First Encounters Between White and Colored Races in America*. The book is largely based on Columbus's journal, but confines itself to the racial aspects of the exploration, and draws on modern knowledge of the native dialects to explain some of the things that Columbus saw and heard. The author believes that the first natives with whom the Spanish explorers met were cannibals, but that as Spanish civilization began to reach the new world the practice of cannibalism disappeared so speedily that these tribes were scarcely suspected of it.

The other book is a new edition of Don Francisco de P. Valladar's work on *Columbus at Santafé and Granada*. It is a study of the great explorer's struggles in Spain before he was allowed to set out on his voyage.

*

THE PLIGHT OF RUSSIAN DOCTORS

Figaro clips from *La Presse Medicale* the following note, which tells a story of its own: —

Some seventy-five Russian physicians, now refugees in France, and for the most part employed as factory laborers or railway-station attendants, offer their services to their French colleagues for semimedical or other employment (anæsthetists, aids, radiologists, laboratory assistants, nurses, and so forth).

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THE LOVE OF CLAPTRAP

THE London *Outlook* frankly despairs of the movie-loving public. A discreetly anonymous writer complains bitterly that people not only get what they want but quite plainly want what they are getting: —

There is an engaging belief among certain of the intelligentsia that the public would read better books and attend better plays and cinemas if the purveyors of such entertainment would only provide them, but a recent experience only confirms my ancient doubts regarding this comfortable doctrine. The other night I walked through the theatre district, and holiday crowds were streaming into every cinema; the cruder the title and placards, the longer the queues. My destination was 'The Epic of Everest,' but in this theatre there was only a bare handful of people. If the dear public loved good things for their own sake it would flock to this film by the tens of thousands, for here is a story of pluck and endurance, in a setting of wild and unique beauty, without a touch of the 'highbrow,' unfolded in a way so simple that a child could follow it. It is a strong man's story, filled with intensely dramatic episodes, as different from the spectacular claptrap of Hollywood as day is from night, but, unless I happened to strike an off-night, the public prefers, not reality and beauty, but sham and shoddy.

MUSIC IN BUENOS AIRES

BUENOS AIRES, which has had its full share of the woes that appear inseparable from opera houses, has at length undertaken a reorganization of the Colon. Like most of the South American opera houses, its managers have usually been able to secure artists of very high rank and to give creditable productions; but like the managers of opera houses all over the world, they have had many financial troubles and have struggled with much disorganization.

The present director, Dr. Carlos M. Noel, now proposes a complete reorientation of the management, which is to be modeled after some of the great European opera houses. The financial direction is to be placed in the hands of a commission of artists — a scheme which at first sounds somewhat alarming, but which acquires a more practical tone when it is added that the president of the National Commission of Fine Arts, the director of the Conservatory, and a technical director will be on the commission, and that the artists *pur sang* will be confined to three composers. The municipality is to aid in the support of orchestra and chorus.

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Study of War, by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance. London: Constable, 1924. 12*s*.

[Arthur Pollen in the *Spectator*]

Sir Reginald can be said to have marshaled the first principles of war, and to have proved their rightness by the lessons of history. What the reader of to-day will find most stimulating, however, is the application of these proved principles to the events of 1914–18. It is scarcely ten years since war became almost the only subject of our thoughts; it is hardly five since it ceased to be almost the sole topic of our conversation. Yet in those five years we have had the apologetics of a great number of the protagonists in the great drama; statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, allied and enemy, have written in defense of the parts they played. But for the most we have wearied of controversy, largely because, in the absence of any clear philosophy, the issues have seemed to be purely personal. The great gift that Sir Reginald has bestowed upon us is a criterion by which we can test the policy of statesmen and commanders. It takes criticism outside of the region of personal reflection. The rightness — or otherwise — of every act of war is decided, not on the individual judgment of the critic, but by reference to a scientific standard from which there is no escape. This is, of course, no mean achievement. The book is an introduction and a guide which no military student can ignore; a textbook which, if prophecy is not rash, is clearly the first and may long remain the final authority.

[C. Ernest Fayle in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Admiral Custance is an expert controversialist, and in some pages of this volume he trails his coat invitingly. It would be great fun to fight a prize with Admiral Custance over the strategy of Howe or the choice of Scapa as base for the Grand Fleet. What is important, however, is not our agreement or disagreement with his individual judgments, but the fact that, within the short space of some two hundred pages, he has developed a coherent and logical theory of war so clearly, and with such refreshing freedom from technical jargon, that his book can be read with interest and profit by others than specialists.

His thesis is, very briefly, as follows: The political object of all wars is security for threatened institutions, rights, or interests. That object can only be attained by destroying or neutralizing the enemy's armed force, and the destruction or neutralization of that armed force is, therefore, the primary military aim. If that aim is deflected by an attempt to reach the political object by a direct short cut, as by overrunning territory, the result will be failure. Pending a military decision, attempts may be made to weaken the enemy's armed force by attacking his resources, as by blockade or the capture of colonies; but such secondary operations can lead to no decisive result, save in so far as they conduce to attainment of the primary military aim by forcing the enemy to battle.

This thesis Admiral Custance sets forth lucidly and forcibly, and he illustrates it by brief narrative and criticism of many campaigns, from Salamis and Platæa to Jutland and the Marne.

Tidemarks: Some Records of a Journey to the Beaches of the Moluccas and the Forest of Malaya in 1923, by H. M. Tomlinson. London: Cassell; New York: Harpers, 1924.

[C. K. Shorter in the *Sphere*]

Assuredly a greater than Conrad is here. One takes one's life in one's hand, in a measure, when one dares to suggest that a popular idol is not perfect. Mr. Conrad is a popular idol, and there is only one point of comparison with Mr. Tomlinson — the quality of style. Mr. Tomlinson has yet to prove that he possesses the dramatic quality, the invention, by which Conrad has captured a large public. But that he possesses a more natural, a more easy, and more perfect style I believe to be indisputable.

Let us, however, see whether Mr. Tomlinson has lived up to his previous achievement in *Tidemarks*. The book is a gem. Mr. Tomlinson retains that captivating style which it is a joy to read. What a vision of Java he gives us. How amazingly he works us up to interest in its unique temple of Borobudor, to disappoint us in the end, for he does not visit Borobudor after all. But was there ever written a better description of a fish market than that of Macassar here set down? Here then is a book of travel which, in its varied interest, its element of unexpectedness, its humor, and its satire, is like the temple of Borobudor, 'unique.'

Jungle Beasts I Have Captured, by Charles Mayer. London: Heinemann, 1924. 15*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

There is an agreeable mixture of the prosaic and the preposterous in the letters left by the postman at Mr. Mayer's office. One post was made up of four letters; three of them contained orders for 'good-sized' orang-outangs; the fourth was 'an urgent inquiry' about a clouded tiger. His head-

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quarters is Singapore, and he returns there at intervals to attend to invoices dealing with the dispatch of his strange wares; these are stabled just outside his house, and his ear is so attuned to animal noises that he never hears 'any except the wrong sort of roar or bellow.' A wrong noise is the sort made by a good-sized orang-outang when he has escaped into the local theatre and has found the branch of a stage tree unable to support his weight. But such mishaps occur seldom, for Mr. Mayer knows his trade. His knowledge comes out in his account of his captures. The hunter and the photographer have done with the live animal when they have pulled the spring; to deliver beasts alive and unharmed to menageries — and that is Mr. Mayer's occupation — demands an understanding of their minds which goes beyond that of the first two.

We accompany Mr. Mayer on several of the expeditions that result from the letters referred to. His favorite hunting-ground is the district through which the Trengganu River runs into the China Sea a little south of the boundary of Siam. To Mr. Mayer a tropical river is dull; he finds in it a deadly monotony: —

> It carries you along between two green walls. When a smaller stream flows from the right or the left, the growth is so dense that you look into a green tunnel. Three yards from the mouth it is black. There are always monkey noises; sometimes the ugly sounds which peafowl make, and every now and then bird-cries. Peacocks walk on the bank dragging their tails, and a flying fish hops up out of the mudbank, but these things are not enough to shorten the days.

But before starting on the river journey it is expedient for the hunter to make friends with the local sultan. Mr. Mayer was an adept at this; and he draws a vivid and kindly picture of the Malay ruler — his trials, limitations, diversions, and lady friends. One sultan had a fancy for riding in a rickshaw; he sent for one, and it sank up to the hubs in the sand. Mr. Mayer came to the rescue; he remembered his 'old circus-days' and ingratiated himself by suggesting that the ground should be stamped flat by elephants; the sultan, though poor in roads, was rich in elephants; the stamping delighted the sultan and his subjects; it was something new; even the Chinese traders thought it advisable to call and congratulate the potentate; whereupon he sent one of his followers to their shops: 'Collect something from every one of them, because I am building a road for them.'

Mr. Mayer captured animals of all kinds from the elephant and rhinoceros downward. He had to invent the most ingenious traps, for it was necessary not only that great beasts should suffer no hurt but that subsequent transfer to a carrying-cage should be considered. One trap was designed for leopards. It was a net in the shape of a long sack. The sack, distended, was laid on the branch of a tree — the mesh interwoven with twigs and leaves. At the closed end — the end farther from the trunk — was the bait; at the open end a slip-knot on a rope attached to a branch above; the branch was partially sawn through near the knot; it would break under the leverage of weight when the leopard reached the bait, and the beast would hang dangling in the bag from the upper branch. One such bag gave the Malays the fright of their lives; then they came to visit it it was seen to raise itself silently straight into the air. 'When it had stopped there for a moment, needing no support from above or below, it waved about with a sickening motion, then slowly lowered itself and hung limp again.' 'Ghost,' said the men; and Mr. Mayer himself, affected by their heavy breathing, was half-inclined to run. It was not a ghost, but an enormous python, half in the bag, the other half out coiled round the tree. Mr. Mayer then describes the technical business of unwinding the tail of a twenty-foot python. At this dangerous trade, this does not count as dangerous.

BOOKS MENTIONED

NICOLAI, COLONEL W. *The German Secret Service.* London: Stanley Paul, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

NEW TRANSLATIONS

LOISY, ALFRED. *My Duel With the Vatican.* Authorized translation by Richard Wilson Boynton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. $3.00.

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. *Dr. Graesler.* Translated from the German by E. C. Slade. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

VASILIEV, A. V. *Space, Time, Motion.* Translated from the Russian. With an introduction by Bertrand Russell. New York: A. A. Knopf, 1924. $2.50.

XANTHOUDIDES, STEPHANOS. *The Vaulted Tombs of Mesara.* Translated by J. P. Droop. Liverpool: The University Press, 1924. £3 3*s.*

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This Week

Like the divinely fashioned Mr. Bryan, Maximilian Harden believes that the people have a right to make their own mistakes. Consequently he feels that it is only fair to let the Nationalists have something to say about the Government of Germany. As they are almost certain to make a mess of things, Mr. Harden looks forward rather cheerfully to the conclusion of his big-hearted experiment.

* * *

If Mr. P. Parfenov-Altaiskii is right, — and his name is a recommendation in itself, — the Siberian peasants are not taking kindly to their Bolshevist masters. The fact that our article on the subject appeared in the official Communist papers goes to prove that even the most lively Reds have come to realize that their theories are not much good out in the fresh country air.

* * *

Our sporting editor has picked out 'The Charm of Skiing' as the feature for Athletic Week. He hopes that a lot of our readers will fall for it.

* * *

Peter the Great deserved his sobriquet if ever a man did. He kept a diary on every subject under the sun, he marched in the footsteps of Alexander in socks that he knit himself, he got up at 4:30 A.M., and for breakfast he ate one pretzel washed down with a shot of brandy.

* * *

In spite of the horrible predictions of Honest John Rathom, Canadian editor of the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, whose war-time experiences turned the heads of many an American audience white, it appears that the German Secret Service had few if any of its employees at work in this country. At any rate, that is what Colonel Nicolai, ex-Chief of the German Intelligence Department, says. This gentleman's main occupation during the war was trying to get information out of Allied prisoners, and he found the best fighters were the worst talkers. In brief, the noble Nordics — both English and American — were as silent as Coolidge, whereas the Poles were regular Heflins.

* * *

What kind of novel-reader are you? Mr. Harwood will give you a rating, but as he says nothing about the credit that should be yours for reading the *Living Age*, the value of his services is open to question.

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Coming! Coming!

More John Hays Hammond.

Tom Boyd's best story.

Caroline MacGill's "American Mythology."

Struthers Burt's "The Epic Note."

"The Battling South" by Gerald W. Johnson.

"Mrs. Gardner and Her Masterpiece" by Elizabeth Ward Perkins.

A story set in Cambridge and around Harvard by Leigh Morton, author of "Mrs. Denton Gets Off."

"Humanizing Industry" by Charles S. Myers.

George Sarton's essay "Transparency."

And all in one single number of Scribner's Magazine—the March number, published February 25th.

* * *

Mr. Hammond's experiences in the West are even more interesting in this paper than in "Strong Men of the Wild West" last month. And there is a significance in his comparison of British methods of securing justice and the American way.

He sleeps with a murderer in Arizona and discovers its significance in South Africa.

* * *

Mrs. Perkins has written an exceedingly interesting and important paper on Isabella Gardner, who left her collection and Fenway Court to the public she took pleasure in stirring up.

The frontispiece of the March Scribner's Magazine is the Sargent portrait of Mrs. Gardner, and Mrs. Perkins's article is illustrated by photographs of the remarkable art collection and of the building which houses it.

* * *

Struthers Burt, having achieved success as short-story writer, novelist, and poet, now invades the field of the essay and discusses modern life.

* * *

Albert Guérard's "The Black Army of France" is particularly interesting in view of John W. Davis's remarks upon his return from abroad.

* * *

George Sarton's essay is a philosophy of life in six pages.

* * *

Gerald Johnson has been a part of the battling South for some time. His description of the battle is illuminating and interesting.

* * *

Luke Thomas, son of Augustus Thomas, playwright, is the author of a story, "A Young Man's Fancy."

* * *

Sarah Redington, charter member of Dr. Phelps's Asolo Club contributes "Our Asolo."

* * *

And Dr. Phelps himself has much to say on Galsworthy, Mark Twain, William Allen White, Woodrow Wilson, and the Decay of the Toothpick.

* * *

Royal Cortissoz discusses the work of Puvis de Chavannes, whose Boston Library decorations are among the most interesting artistic works in this country.

* * *

And this is just a flying glimpse of the March number of Scribner's Magazine.

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